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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Roberts arrived at Funchal on Christmas Day and was received with all honours by the Portuguese authorities, and with great enthusiasm by the British community. The Anglo-Portuguese alliance still remains undisclosed, so far as any knowledge of its terms goes; and if Lord Roberts knows any more about it than did the rest of the world when we referred to it some weeks ago, nobody is the wiser for his speech at Funchal. Lord Roberts however did not fail to dwell on the fact that this new alliance, whatever may be its significance, at the end of the century inevitably recalls that more important alliance which at the beginning of the century involved the fighting of British and Portuguese side by side against the armies of Napoleon in the Peninsula. Lord Roberts' memory is hardly accurate when he says that the territories of Portugal and England have never been side by side until, by the conquest of the Transvaal, Komati-poort became the ground where Portuguese and English could meet as neighbours. The substance of what he means is quite plain; but it does happen that the so-called territories of the Transvaal were in fact part of the British Empire—as has been all along maintained.

The outlook in South Africa is not devoid of anxiety, though Lord Kitchener is grasping the situation with characteristic energy, and his despatches are couched in terms of confidence. His latest proclamation offering terms to those who surrender voluntarily might have beneficial results, if it were permitted to reach the men whom it affects. Meanwhile Cape Colony has been invaded by two columns in the East and West respectively. The latter, after occupying Britstown, cut the railway south of De Aar. Britstown was subsequently occupied by Colonel Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, upon which the Boers retired northwards towards Prieska. There are, however, rumours of a mishap to some Yeomanry in this neighbourhood. A special column—to be utilised wherever its services may be most needed—is in course of organisation, and Lord Kitchener has been south to see personally how matters are shaping themselves. In his opinion the

Boer movement in the Cape has been checked, and the assistance which the raiders have received has been insignificant.

De Wet has taken up a position near Leuwkop where according to the latest advices he is being attacked by General Knox. The pursuit of the enterprising Boer leader hardly partakes of the character of military operations, and against him the ordinary military expedients seem to be of no avail. Possibly the proper person to put on his track would be an experienced master of foxhounds, and one for choice who had hunted his own hounds. The Boers in the Magaliesberg district have been attacked by the combined forces of Generals French and Clements, and as the result of two successful engagements, the valleys south of the Magaliesberg range have been cleared. From Vlaktefontein comes a report from General Wynne of successful operations in that neighbourhood. In addition to the mounted infantry reinforcements, two more cavalry regiments are under orders for South Africa. An extra supply of horses has been provided for, and the formation of the Colonial Police force has been expedited.

From Lord Cromer's address to the sheikhs and notables of the Soudan we glean that the country is rapidly settling down, but that greater assistance than Egypt is able to provide is necessary to secure the maximum of prosperity. Private enterprise is lacking. The explanation, if we correctly interpret Lord Cromer's remarks, is that confidence in the security forthcoming is also lacking. But the combined assurance of British and Egyptian credit should be sufficient for the most timorous of capitalists. Private enterprise has never been wanting in Egypt proper since it was made clear that the British occupation was not likely to be precipitately terminated. Lord Cromer certainly does not suggest that there is any question as to the continuance of the Anglo-Egyptian control at Khartum. On the contrary he referred to the steps in contemplation which are calculated to make it at once permanent and more immediately beneficial. The problem of private enterprise resolves itself into a question of guarantee. Cannot that guarantee be given? One of the difficulties with which Lord Cromer has to contend in the Soudan is the supply of British officials as supervisors. The nucleus of a Soudan Civil Service on the lines of the Indian Civil Service has already been started, but that the number of candidates should not be excessive is hardly surprising. With India, Egypt, and

innumerable Crown colonies already on our hands, and with the needs of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies to think of, our resources in men may well be taxed.

One more step in the Chinese negotiations has been taken by the presentation of the Joint Note of the Powers to Prince Ching on the morning of 24 December. It would be extremely difficult to state exactly how it stands after the long series of objections and alterations to which it has been exposed since it was first drawn up, and which we have noted from time to time. No text of it has been furnished and we only know that it has been considerably weakened in a sense that many people acquainted with Chinese affairs believe to be extremely dangerous in possible consequences. This is especially true in regard to the punishment by death of the various instigators and leaders of the anti-foreign movement. In its present form the note has been dictated not by the essential requirements of the situation but by a desire to smooth over difficulties which would have required more union than existed amongst the Powers to face. It is very well to be amiable at Christmas-time but we fear the Christmas peace message of the Powers to China is a great mistake. We shall be pretty well on in the New Year before we hear much more of the peace negotiations. Time is on the side of the Chinese Court and it will use it for still further whittling down the demands of the Powers.

The demands of reforms and the possibility of their being carried out so implicitly assume the co-operation of the Emperor that his position and personal ability, including both his mental and physical powers, are of the utmost importance. It is on this that will depend the efficiency of the aid that Viceroy and Provincial Governors may be able to render the Powers in securing the reforms required. We think the persistent reports as to his semi-imbecility are very much exaggerated; this is the opinion of people lately returned from China who have had opportunities for judging. He is capable of asserting himself but he is so placed that he cannot act for himself. Through confidential palace officers he lately drew up and sent a telegram to the Ministers in Peking saying that he had all along earnestly desired to return to Peking at an early date and conduct negotiations of peace, but unfortunately he was strictly surrounded by watchful guards not one of whom would obey his commands. This was the reason he gave for not leaving Shensi province. The telegram was discovered by the Empress Dowager and the two palace officers were decapitated by her orders. It is not known whether the telegram was recalled before it reached the Ministers but it was reproduced in a native Chinese paper. This and other telegrams and indications seem to suggest that the Emperor's purpose of returning remains fixed in spite of the difficulties interposed. It would relieve the Powers from an almost impossible situation.

Sir William Lyne's decision to abandon his attempt to form the first federal ministry, though regrettable, will enhance the respect in which he is held throughout Australia. Victoria, apparently still moved by the sentiment of provincial jealousy which so long stood in the way of unity, objected, and Sir William Lyne advised Lord Hopetoun to send for Mr. Barton. Though Mr. Barton is the ablest public man in Australia, he is not the man we should have preferred to see at the head of affairs. He was no doubt responsible for Mr. Chamberlain's surrender on the question of appeal. At the same time the ministry which he will form will probably be as strong as Australia can hope to provide. The Premiers and leading politicians from the other Colonies are now in Sydney, and the government which is essential to the inauguration of Federation should by this time be practically in existence. Its formation will remove a great anxiety from Lord Hopetoun's mind. He has had to face an exceptionally delicate task, and by giving Sir William Lyne his opportunity he set a high constitutional precedent which augurs well for the first Governor-Generalship of Australia.

The Newfoundland French shore question is once more, it is to be feared, about to become acute. The *modus vivendi* adopted ten years ago and renewed last year to meet the convenience of the Imperial Government will come to an end on Monday, and the Colonial Ministry is not in a mood which warrants hope that any fresh and satisfactory arrangement will be devised. Newfoundland demands that an end shall be made of the whole business. Obviously it is impossible for the public at home to say how far that demand is reasonable or unreasonable until an opportunity has been afforded it of studying the report of the Royal Commission, the withholding of which seems to us to imply difficulties not generally known. France naturally refuses to surrender rights which, though of diminishing commercial value, are a real diplomatic asset. There is apparently one way and one way only of settling the question. France must be induced by concessions elsewhere to abandon her fishery claims in Newfoundland waters. Talk of war is absurd. We have not to deal with a Fashoda crisis but with treaty rights. What diplomacy accomplished in the beginning of the eighteenth century, diplomacy must undo in the beginning of the twentieth.

A welcome sign that the Indian famine has practically come to an end is the appointment, now reported, of a Commission to inquire into some of the facts connected with it and gather up the lessons it has taught. It is further gratifying to observe that the inquiry is to be conducted on practical and business-like lines. Presumably the country will be spared a fresh and expensive inquisition into its history, economy, revenue systems and general administration. The political and controversial element is omitted. Instead of a mixed body leavened with scientific specialists and travelling M.P.'s, four experts experienced in famine administration and acquainted with the tracts recently involved will visit the provinces and in a few months ascertain and record all that it is desired to discover. The Commissioners may be trusted to confine themselves strictly to business and avoid infructuous discussion of the various theories with which nostrum-mongers and questionable political organisations endeavour to mislead the public. When the Commission has done its work the Government of India can determine any changes in the principle or practice of famine relief which it is found desirable to introduce, and the local authorities can proceed to modify their codes accordingly. In Sir A. P. MacDonnell the Commission will have the President who is in every way best fitted for the duty.

In pursuance of its currency reforms the Indian Government is now considering the best method to popularise and extend its note circulation. There are now no banks of issue in India: the entire note issue is controlled by the State. For this purpose the country is divided into circles and separate notes issued for each circle. These currency notes, as they are called, can only be cashed as a matter of right at the central treasury of the particular circles to which they belong. One consequence of this arrangement is that notes are chiefly used for remittance purposes and so far take the place of bank drafts or bills of exchange. It is contended that the Government should rather aim at making them current money by the issue of local notes at all important centres and providing for their ready payment there. A curious obstacle to the enlarged use of notes is found in the extent to which gold has displaced silver coin in the currency reserves and the difficulty which must be anticipated in providing rupees where notes are presented for payment.

The French Ministry since the Amnesty debate has continued proof against the attacks of its foes and the sometimes indiscreet action of its friends. Amongst the latter are to be reckoned those Socialists who in their hostility to the Church proposed the suppression of the credit for army chaplains, but were defeated by a large majority; a hint which we should think the Ministry might well take for its future ecclesiastical guidance. It is the turn of General André the War Minister now to meet the attacks of the Nationalists



and Anti-Semites for his resolute attempts to suppress hostile proceedings by Christian officers in the army against their Jewish colleagues; his latest action having been the disgrace of twenty instructing officers of the Melun Military School. In this he had the support of the Chamber. On Tuesday he made a speech at Beaune in which he declared that he did not intend to be driven from his office: he would swallow all that needed to be swallowed of insults and abuse: but he should remain and only leave the Ministry with his head upright. One remembers similar words uttered by his predecessor who nevertheless in a very short time was driven from office, though he probably would not have been but for bad health. However General André has doubtless succeeded to a stronger position.

Several passages in his speech suggest a comparison between the charges he makes against the Nationalists as anti-patriotic and the similar accusations which have been made here against certain pro-Boer politicians. We have the same regret that the French law of treason does not allow of the prosecution of those persons who place their personal policy before the interests of their country. General André's accusation is however based on the perhaps disputable proposition that France has been prevented by Nationalist action from purchasing an invention of M. Turpin, one of the inventors of melinite, "which would have placed France above all nations if one of their newspapers had not announced to the eyes of Europe what he was doing." He also spoke of their endeavouring to bring about the intervention of foreigners. Both statements are open to the remark of being a little too grandiose. The latter apparently resolves itself into the accusation that the Nationalist newspapers reproduced a complaint from the "Novoe Vremya" against General André's administration which had previously been sent from Paris, as if it were an official declaration of Russian opinion. It is a very characteristic act of the Nationalists, but General André's comment on it was exaggerated.

The "Times" annual review of the administration of the Poor Law system in London is not an official document but it is a most useful study of the Pauper problem. Though pauperism has been on the whole lower than it has been for several years, the cost of administration is rising at an alarming rate. In 1890 the cost per head was £21 16s. 1d.; in 1899 £28 13s.; and it has not been less in 1900. The workhouse system is being abused. It is impossible to return to the old days of half-starved paupers; but the Guardians are getting so uneasy about the extravagance of the present system that they are trying to introduce what are practically old-age pensions under the guise of outdoor relief chargeable on the rates, instead of being, as they ought to be, a charge on Imperial funds. A good deal of the extra expense undoubtedly has arisen from the desire to dodge the introduction of a regular pension system; and the complaints of pauperisation come with ill grace from people who do their best to prevent this from being established. What is wanted is a generous system for the infirm poor who need the care of well-equipped public institutions: a hard test for those who at present use them as comfortable hotels; and a pension system for those who could live outside without being pauperised. As things are now, they are all accommodated indiscriminately and at huge cost in palaces misnamed workhouses.

We note with regret the sanction of legal proceedings against the Vicar of Hexton by the Bishop of S. Albans. The charge against this perfervid Protestant does not indeed involve any collision with conscience or any question of theology. Brawling in church is a plain outrage on public decency, and as such is eminently fit for treatment by the secular arm. It is no question of the criminal prosecution of a Low Churchman for the omission to comply with some requirement of Church law, a proceeding which we should meet with unqualified condemnation. Still, it is desirable for the present distress to keep the resort to secular law out of Church matters altogether. Moreover, these proceedings will merely bring this very noisy person prominently before

the public, precisely the advertisement he would most desire. They should therefore be avoided.

We can well believe what the Headmaster of Haileybury says in yesterday's "Times" as to heads of secondary schools being deluged with advice, which he is so courteous as to call "good." We can only hope that to most of this advice tendered in the correspondence columns of the daily press they will pay no attention, and above all that they will not allow themselves to be coerced, as Mr. Lyttelton suggests they might be, "by the hubbub of voices to try and satisfy everybody and teach a little of everything." That any such attempt would result in satisfying nobody is of no account whatever, but that it would result, as inevitably it must, in teaching nothing, is overwhelmingly serious. The "Times" correspondence as to the teaching of modern languages has revealed a simply appalling ignorance as to what education means. Most of these letter-scribblers seem to think language is only worth studying with a view to asking for what you want at table or in a shop. We cannot help sincerely regretting that the "Times," which has to keep up the intellectual standard of the daily press as against the new journalism, should magnify the teaching of a language, merely because it is modern, in the manner it did the other day in a leading article. It was exactly the view of the uneducated man.

There are so many things in American institutions and social customs that are unsympathetic to Englishmen, that it is a pleasant surprise to find in that land of plutocracy an instance of public rights being protected by a law which we could do with in England. We have similar legislation for the protection of ancient monuments: in America they have extended the principle to such natural, rare, and beautiful objects as the mammoth trees in the two great groves of Calaveras County belonging to the Sequoia genus, the best known species of which is the Redwood. If it had not been for the prompt action of the Government stimulated by public feeling these two groves would soon have been ruined as they were about to be sold for "lumber" and a tract of beautiful and unique scenery would have been destroyed. But fortunately the aid of the above-mentioned law was invoked, and the proprietor had to submit to the States' right of pre-emption. It is an admirable characteristic of the better sort of Americans that they are as appreciative of the old as they are of the brand-new. If they would only show themselves as appreciative of the old principle of honesty in their foreign relations!

What are we to say however of the American claim to one of our most precious "antiquities" in the person of Alfred the Great? It is known of course that the millenary celebration of this great national hero is about to be held during the first year of the new century, and the Americans have shown more enthusiasm over it than we have ourselves. But it is amusing to find that they look on the event as something specially American. It almost seems as if, after robbing us of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, they wished to appropriate the great Saxon. Could anyone explain what the enthusiastic American meant who wrote "The versatile genius of the great King of Wessex was developed by circumstances and surroundings which we may call American rather than English: and that there are important aspects of King Alfred's career which Americans as such can understand and appreciate far more completely than Englishmen"? It seems most explicable on the ground that it is a glorification *more Americano* of the "genius" of Americans at the expense of ourselves. What an intellectual treat it will be to have eloquent American orators explaining that King Alfred ought to have been born in Chicago!

Lord Armstrong's death removes from Newcastle-on-Tyne a figure familiar as the river-side works themselves. The century which he did so much from a scientific point of view to render memorable was not ten years old when he was born. It had not run half its course when he embarked on the career

which was to make him the most famous of living engineers. To him we owe guns of extraordinary power, the present system of hydraulics and many electric inventions. His mind seized great scientific truths from the simplest of mechanical suggestions, and he accomplished revolutions with a facility unknown to the average man at work on ordinary improvements. Not every inventor reaps the reward of his ingenuity, and it was perhaps not the least of Lord Armstrong's achievements that he profited so fully from his own labours. The inventor of some of the most deadly engines of destruction, he was humane and generous-hearted; his theory was that the more powerful weapons came to be, the less likelihood there was that they would be lightly used. He considered that he had done something to shorten wars. The course of events in South Africa hardly bears out that view.

We are sure that the House of Lords will welcome Lord Goschen and Lord Ridley, as it does all distinguished men, and the former may even take a prominent part in its full-dress debates, to which his style of eloquence would be suited. But is it not time to protest against the modern fashion of clapping old territorial titles, like "the lord Viscount," on to bourgeois and foreign names? It is all very well to laugh at lawyers like Copley and Bethell hunting through the railway guide for titles like Lyndhurst and Westbury; but at all events the theory and appearance of a territorial aristocracy were thereby preserved. It is quite right that a man should be proud of his own name, and in the case of the life peers of course it doesn't matter. But when a man is founding a family, he should think of others besides himself.

The last days of the present year seem very happily to be escaping any recrudescence of the end of the century dispute. The brute force of time has prevailed and the combatants on one side find themselves with nothing left to fight for. The champions of 1901 made such continuous clamour during the opening weeks of 1900 that it was at least impossible to regard the matter as settled in favour of that year. It thus was kept an open question, but now the effluxion of time has closed it; for in any case it is impossible to question that the coming year will be in the new century; and for that reason all the demonstrations and orations have been reserved for next week; and the voice of the 1900 party will be effectually drowned. The humorous thing about the whole dispute is that both sides were fighting for an issue, which in any event is false; for it is quite certain that the Christian era began three or four years before its official commencement, so that the new century is already out of its babyhood.

The Christmas holidays have not interrupted the upward trend of prices on the Stock Exchange during the past week. The process of closing open accounts which is known as "cleaning-up for the holidays" has not taken place this year, for on Monday last there was considerable buying of American rails and West African mining shares. Opinions still differ between extremists as to whether the Yankee boom is over or not yet begun. Our own opinion is that, while there are many professionals on both sides of the Atlantic who would like to break the market, the American public will be too strong for them. The bulk of the business is still done in Wall Street, which is a good sign. In the Jungle market there have been some striking rises, and in the West Australian some sensational falls, notably in Lake Views, owing to the failure of the London and Globe Finance Company to settle with certain brokers with whom they have had dealings. There was a distinct revival in the South African market on Friday on the reported capture of De Wet, though the rise of Consolidated Goldfields and South African Gold Trust to 7½ respectively was rather due to their holdings in West African properties. There has been a harder appearance about the Home Railway market, and Districts have risen from 25 to 29½ upon the parliamentary bill for raising more debentures to equip the line with electric power. Consols closed at 97½.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE CENTURY.

THERE is nothing more mentally disturbing and irritating than to be in the middle of things, and not to have a definite notion of their beginnings, nor how they will end. We are impatient of time and space, because they will not adapt themselves of their own nature to the pathetic weakness of humanity for parcelling them out into easily managed, and apparently complete, little bits that we can put together or pull to pieces just as we choose. But in this respect, as in many others where man feels the weight of this weary and unintelligible world, he manages to hit upon some device which enables him to get along fairly comfortably with his burden. Nature herself helps him a little for she has been considerate enough at least to note off his day and his year for him by her own sufficiently marked processes; but after that she leaves him to get out of his difficulty, as best he can, by more or less simple arithmetical operations of multiplication and division. With these, however, she will have nothing to do; and she holds herself aloof in absolute indifference to the supposed significance, which her vassal man pleases himself to imagine that he finds in his decennial, centenary or millenary periods. In some respects we are indeed bringing ourselves into closer touch with nature's methods in this matter. In the later days, which we describe shortly as the nineteenth century, we became accustomed to the scientific conception of a series of processes indefinite in origin, illimitable in change; and such conceptions as the great cycles imagined by the ancients, renewed again and again through the same repeated steps from a definite beginning to a definite end, have now ceased to be either a poetical or a scientific conception of the cosmic history. It would be inconsistent with the new view of nature's processes taught, and learned by all men not absolutely unintellectual, during the last forty years, to fix this great change within the limits of the nineteenth century. Even speaking in our most careless manner of the changes that take place in the world as defined by arbitrary periods of time, we should have to pass out of the nineteenth century into the eighteenth, as may be seen in that very interesting historical sketch of the progress of the development theory, so far as it relates to organic nature, given by Darwin in the "Origin of Species." And yet the real birthday of the new idea must be placed in the nineteenth century; and for ordinary purposes a birthday makes a sufficiently early start.

A good deal seems to us to turn on this fact when we think of the most distinctive characteristics of the century just closing. If we inquire for the most reasonable explanation of the difference between what is known as the pre- or early-Victorian period of the century and the subsequent years, in nearly all departments of intellectual activity, it would be difficult to fix on anything more intelligible than this very fact. We do not look to it of course for any direct influence on manufactures and the arts, or the technical operations of industry, or in other spheres of active practical life; but outside these its influence seems decisively to account for the changed tone and character of the last forty years. When we speak of the scientific nineteenth century, it is the most patent fact of all that the evolution theory, which finally established itself as a consequence of Charles Darwin's work, is precisely the new element which distinguishes the science of the pre- or early-Victorian period from that of the period which began early in the 'sixties. It is the one vital intellectual advance of the century, and we have to go back two hundred years to find its compeer in the Newtonian physics. That, as an ordinary acquaintance with the history of theology and literature shows, transformed preceding modes of thought and expression. From then onwards until the middle of the century that is "ours" to those of mature years in a sense that no other can be, no change of equal importance took place. Until the theory of man's connexion in the chain of animal life was stated and accepted as a working hypothesis, what theory had been put forward so far-reaching in its results since man's terrestrial dwelling-place had been removed from



the centre of the universe? Theological controversies were renewed, fresh theological positions assumed in consequence. Out of this fiery ordeal men passed with the mere outward formalities of religion and unreal professions consumed from them. Spiritual life became honest; either men worshipped because their religious faith more consciously readjusted itself to the new science, or they saw in its teachings the basis of a scientific agnosticism which was almost a faith. Speaking generally, the respectable religion of the earlier period ceased, and was no longer a custom exposed to satire; or open to the ridicule of the humourist. Dogmatic theology became less and less a matter of abstract propositions deduced from unprovable premisses, or founded on unintelligent theories of inspiration and ignorant literal interpretation of the Bible. The shock of the new ideas was felt at first more in the field of this tradition than anywhere else, but it ultimately became clear that in the wider sphere of religious life they gave a new interpretation to the older theological doctrines of the development and historic continuity of the Church. What is the ecclesiastical history of the last forty years but the endeavour to get back to this true line of development, aided by all the newer resources of scholarship and more scientific historical methods?

These two great movements of the nineteenth century are its main answers to the charge of prevailing materialism which may be brought against it: and it is remarkable that they arose almost simultaneously. If tractarianism was before Darwinism, the statement of Darwin must be remembered that in 1831 Mr. Patrick Matthew had given precisely the same view on the origin of species as he himself propounded. It may seem a strange claim for Darwinism that it is an anti-materialist influence; yet in fact it is the greatest purely intellectual conception of the century. It raised the supreme questions of man's origin and destiny in a new form and made them the subject of universal discussion. There was nothing in it that advanced our manufactures and trade, or helped us to make a farthing more money. It did enter the sphere of economics, however, in a very remarkable way. The great social problem of the condition of the poor was directly raised by it. The Malthusian doctrine of over-population received a new scientific interpretation; and since then, rightly or wrongly, the population question, and in consequence the problem of poverty, have never been detachable from the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection and the survival of the fittest. More remarkable still, the rise and progress of the socialism of the latter half of the century is to be traced to an acceptance of Darwin's theory as applicable to man considered as an animal, but capable as an intellectual and spiritual being of counteracting the adverse forces of nature by foresight and prevention as expressed in social and political arrangements. If this qualification is not true, then socialism goes by the board, if there is truth in Darwinism. And social and political arrangements in socialism mean, essentially, new economic arrangements. Accompanying it we have this most striking fact of the latter years of this century: that with the growth of democracy has come amongst the classes who have acquired the political powers of a democracy, not only a perceptible falling off in admiration of the old beau ideal of Radicals, a Republic, but a growing distrust of purely democratic government. The Fabian socialism of England has had much to do with this feeling of the irrelevance of mere forms of government to fundamental questions of social conditions.

It may be said that socialism cannot be placed among those greater ideas of the century, which we have called intellectual, because its ideal seems to be merely the attainment of superior material conditions. In answer to this we may say that we take socialism to be an illustration of one of the most marked general characteristics of the century. Much of the false sentimentality and idealism which used to ignore the body, or despise it as an impediment to the soul, has disappeared in proportion as the knowledge has spread that only in sound physical conditions can human beings in the long run preserve their sanity of mind and soul. So far is a doctrine that rebels against

the evil conditions, in which the industrialism of the century has involved so many, from being materialistic, that it really implies idealist and spiritual consequences of the greatest importance. Within a few days of the end of the century Lord Salisbury has spoken of the scandal that exists in our midst owing to the unhealthy conditions in which the poorer classes live. That kind of public opinion which has never acquiesced in the unrestrained action of industrial competition, fierce as it has been during the century, but has succeeded in enforcing what is known as social legislation, will soon be sufficiently aroused on the question to insist on the scandal being removed. We have hardly been so immersed in materialism, as those who direct their attention wholly to the predominance of physical research and the immense development of the mechanical arts and sciences may imagine.

It is true the rays from the spiritual world seem at times to have been greatly obscured by the clouds cast upon the intellect from new and startling presentations of the phenomena of nature, or by the lethargy of soul which may be produced by debasing and brutalising outward conditions either of too great poverty or too great wealth. We have certainly not yet passed out of these clouds: and it will be the problem of the twentieth century to try, as it is the interest of the end of the nineteenth to speculate, how far they may be dispersed. There have been centuries of faith, and will be again though the nineteenth may not be counted as one of them. The greatest spirits of this age have chafed under its hardness, its hurry, its living for the hour, its lying on the surface, its prostration before the average. They have felt the eternal reproof and the eternal aspiration of Wordsworth's sonnet, which is one of the most lasting memorials of this same century.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be  
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

#### THE MAP OF THE WORLD.

WHEN the wings of time moved as yet with a measured beat the Greek cried:—

ἄπανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κἀναριθμητὸς χρόνος  
φύει τ' αἰχλά και φανέντα κρύπτεται.

In the century that now ends time has been mightier than before. Or, more truly, the energy of the human race has worked with increasing effect, since man has won a more complete command over the forces of nature.

In Europe a German Empire encrusted around the kingdom of Prussia has taken the place once held by France, outstripping its rival alike in territory, population, and industrial energy. Austria has been driven from Lombardy and Venice, and the house of Savoy rules a unified Italy. Spain and Portugal, shorn of the fairest of their over-sea possessions, have sunk into apathy. Russia has waxed strong with the conquest of Poland and the patronage of the Balkan States; in Asia she has begun in earnest the task of colonising the boundless steppes of the North, she has pushed her outposts forward in the central regions till they meet the answering challenge of the outposts of British India, and on the loose edge of China she confronts the eager Japanese. Greece has become once more a political unit, and Turkey has shrivelled to a narrow strip where the Sultan clings desperately to the hand of Germany.

In America the people of the United States have spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, filling up their enormous territory in part by natural increment, in part

by receiving the overflow of England and Germany. When the wave of population touched the boundaries of their ample home, and an industrial activity almost unfettered by any military burdens had produced a material prosperity unparalleled in the annals of nations, the Republic ceased to be self-contained, and with changed ideals and over-sea possessions it has learned the cares of old-world States. In South America the colonists of Spain and Portugal have renounced the rule of their parent States, and plunged into a carnival of experimental Republicanism.

In Asia the rule of England has produced the Indian Empire—a vast political system at once military and humane—and thereby given a fair example of how a subject race may be governed alike in its own interest and in that of its rulers. But while the Hindu has been schooled into Western civilisation by British rule, Japan has welcomed the ideals of Europe of its own accord, and claimed a part in the concert of the nations. The bond of its adoption has been sealed. The door of China, at which Europe has knocked throughout the century, has been burst open; and in the new crusade the cognizance of Japan has been carried as high as the proudest banner of the West. In Africa the dark places of the world have been entered and policed by Europe. In Australia and New Zealand a nation sprung from England has grown to manhood, before the world knew that it was born.

England alone has worked as a world-power throughout the century. Its achievement stands apart from the efforts of other nations, surpassing them in unity of purpose as in the scale of magnitude. In Canada, Australia and New Zealand, in India and in Egypt, the changes wrought in the name of England have stimulated the progress of the race. In South Africa material advances have been accompanied by a racial conflict which has culminated in a bitter and devastating war. For this war England is deemed responsible in the eyes of the world, and she has pledged her Empire that its issue shall be for good and not for evil.

Out of the varying movements which have united to make the map of the world to-day two dominant tendencies can be discerned—union and expansion. Communities connected by material or moral ties tend to organise themselves as single political units; and the more energetic members of the European family of nations hasten to acquire over-sea territories, where their surplus population may find homes, employ themselves in controlling coloured races, or open a market for home industries. At the root of the desire for union lies the increasing fear of warfare—a fear which is none the less real for the huge armaments by which the military nations of Europe have striven to ensure themselves against the evil: in the tendency towards expansion, we have the natural result of overcrowding in Europe joined to an industrial rivalry keen beyond precedent. The operation of both alike has been assisted by those improved means of communication which are shortening the physical and moral intervals that have hitherto held continents and races apart.

These tendencies will operate in the future as in the past. To what ends, then, should the policy of England be directed; since, to maintain her position as the chief world-power, it is plain that she must advance on both these lines? For union England need not go outside her Empire—an Empire in four continents; her task is to consolidate its political structure, and to organise its resources, both military and industrial. The statesmen of the Empire have recognised this as the immediate object of their efforts, and the primary measures for its accomplishment have already been taken. Of the three chief groups of England's over-sea communities, two, Canada and Australia, have been united in federal systems, and in the third, South Africa, the foundations for future unity are being laid. It will remain to unite the three federal groups with the Mother Country in an administrative system, which will allow the over-sea Englishman to share with the "home" Englishman the management of the Empire.

This way lies union; in what direction can England expand? First by developing under Imperial initiative those British territories where local agency is insuffi-

cient. Something can be done—and is, indeed, being done—in this respect in East and West Africa and in the West Indies. Second, by preventing the neutral markets now open from being closed to British industries, or, what is the same thing, by preventing regions now open to England's traders from being occupied by rival Powers, that so our trade may grow with the growth of these countries. The issue is very simple. The commercial competitors of England—Germany, the United States, and France—all alike close the doors of the countries which they occupy against "foreign" imports; England alone leaves the door open to the traders of the world. China, where a sudden crisis has precipitated the march of events, is an instance of supreme significance. The international action of to-day, halting though it be, will at length make China accessible to the commerce of the world. No less certain is it that every yard of China that is occupied by any Power save England will be reserved for the exclusive benefit of the traders of that Power. Judged by the test of interests involved, England should be represented in China by a force exceeding in numbers those of all the other Powers combined. It is obvious that the part which England has hitherto played in the settlement of China is entirely disproportionate to her claims. A market which in the future could afford employment for millions of Englishmen is at stake. Does one man in a thousand know it? or would one man in ten thousand sacrifice his ease to gain it for the next generation? The issues at stake in South Africa are momentous; yet it may well be that the question of maintaining free access to the market of China is at least not less essential to the prosperity of England; and the English people will do well to look to it in earnest, when once the imperative claims of South Africa are satisfied.

China is an obvious instance, but there are, happily, other regions still left without the Empire, where English hands and heads can find employment. In South America there is no race that presents an impenetrable barrier to the European immigrant. The varied resources of its ample territories have been as yet, with slight exceptions, colonised only by Latin races inferior in energy to our own. Moreover, the race of mingled European and native blood, whom the century has made master of the continent, is one that is scarcely competent for self-government. It is the possibility of the future development of English influence in South America that makes it imperative that the relations of this country with the United States should be carefully considered. We wish to be on good terms with the Americans, but we do not propose to make the exercise of our own energies dependent on their will. The United States must abandon the habit of expecting everything for nothing. Especially must no public act of England be permitted, which, by implying assent to the presumptuous claim of the Monroe doctrine, would establish a precedent that might in the future hamper British enterprise in South America. Where the Englishman goes he does not seek an exclusive benefit; all that he asks is a field for his activities, and permission to spread what he believes to be political and industrial freedom. It is these methods that have made the English name great; they are methods which will endure, for they are in harmony with the needs of mankind; nor can the world afford to destroy a Power which is in some way the measure of its own progress.

#### VANISHING LIFE.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY humanity so greatly esteems itself, is so proud of its advance, so firmly convinced that no one did anything to speak of before it, so sure that it knows everything because it believes nothing, so certain that it has all the virtues because it has left behind all the faiths, which it smugly dubs superstitions, that it would be well could it spend its last days in an act of humiliation. We do not say self-examination, for that has ever been its favourite pursuit, and has always resulted in increased self-satisfaction. We will grant this supreme product of the ages all its claims to superiority over all times and all peoples, and ask it to consider in these last days just



one only of its many accomplishments, one only of its claims to be remembered.

The extinction of more types of life will date from the nineteenth century than from any previous period of the same limit in the world's existence. What a proud title to distinction! We have learnt much about life, we all talk biology now, and we have killed, or mortally injured, more life-forms of infinite beauty than all our forefathers. Our learning of life, our æsthetic susceptibility, our sweetness and light, the gospel of Humanity, have left us in the matter of the conservation of life, of care for animal beauty, just where our rude, ignorant, despised and pitied ancestors were. At any rate we have not improved on them. We have outstripped them indeed in the weapons our superior knowledge has put into our hands, and we have turned this advantage of force and immunity from danger to account in not falling short of the destructiveness which our children's "guides to knowledge" charitably ascribe to the poor savages' ignorance. If certain philosophers have been right, and animals may dispute man's exclusive claim to immortality, a mighty host from Africa, from India, from the four quarters of the globe will stand up at the day of Judgment against the nineteenth century. The giraffe will be there, that never yet did anyone any harm, whose only offence is to be the archetype of natural grace. The Bird of Paradise will be there, that "half-angel, and half-bird, and all a wonder and a wild desire," as Browning said, though not of the bird, but of the love which, had there been more of it in the world, would have saved this paragon of the heavens above. The osprey and the albatross will be there. We commend to modern humanitarians, characteristically a nineteenth-century growth, the pleasing story told in these columns three weeks since by Mr. W. H. Hudson, that brave voice now so long crying in a wilderness. The story is so suggestive and so striking that we will tell it again in short. We have a ship owned by Sir William Corry, Bart., the "Star of New Zealand;" we wish we could affirm that it was not officered by Englishmen; the captain with some passengers, *ennuyés* with the sea, bethink themselves of the *fin de siècle* sport of angling for albatross. The "gritte poule" is hooked in numbers, dragged on deck, the more fortunate of them handed over to the headsmen, armed with a butcher's knife instead of an axe. The head is reserved to commemorate the sportsman's prowess; the carcase is thrown to the waves. Others are reserved for torture. Choked by means of strings tied tightly round their necks, they are placed in the ice-box; and after several days two are discovered to be alive. One, after ten days in the ice box, with the lower half of its body frozen hard, emits groaning sounds; and, on being taken out, raises its head and gapes, and stares about with wide open living eyes; in this state it continues for a space of two hours, after which it is strangled a second time, and put back in the ice-room.

This is the treatment the cultured nineteenth century reserves for the magnificent sea-bird, "Who rides the wind and holds the sea in fief, Then finds" not "a cage," but a refrigerator "for home." When Mr. Watts-Dunton wrote that, did he conceive that ever albatross would meet with a fate at Englishmen's hands, beside which that of Percy Aylwin's bird was happiness itself? One might have thought the Wandering Albatross, seeing that "the cold bright sea is his for universe," might have escaped, but the spirit of the nineteenth century men moves even on the loneliest waters. Of course, this was done in the name of science. Evil used to be done in the name of religion; science has now inherited that high distinction. Science is a word never too much profaned for the modern man to profane it. Small men, like that captain and his friends, calling their abject cruelties by the big name of "experiment" is flat blasphemy against science. Pain must at times be inflicted for science sake, we admit it, even vivisection may be necessary, but in Heaven's name, if these things needs must be done, let them be done by scientists and serious men, not by miserable idlers, for whom Satan has found mischief.

And women. Can we let off the women of this century? Unfortunately for them, if only the birds have immortality, a greater cry will go up against them on the Great Day than against the men. The

parrots will be there in all their force, while the spirits of countless hecatombs of humming-birds should fill the judgment hall with a sound greater than that of many waters. We would give much to believe that the ranks of smart women would meet their myriads of bird victims at the Bar; to be there to see we would give anything. Whether we should equally like to be there to hear, we are not sure, seeing that it would be parrots against ladies. The life of a bird, we know, is something to the Infinite Mind, and perhaps that accounts for its being nothing to the feminine mind. When one thinks of the beautiful types of life man's sheer undiluted folly is sending down the valley of oblivion, one could wish, with the heartiest goodwill, that the nineteenth century would see the end of this race, and that with the dawn of the twentieth there might rise a new human genus altogether, or even that there might be no human race at all, only animals.

#### THE CAUSES OF RECTORCRAFT.

IT was argued in the former article, first, that priestcraft had not been promoted in the Church of England by the Tractarian Movement, but that on the contrary the secular power of the clergy had diminished, and the ecclesiastical authority of the laity had increased, during the last seventy years: secondly that the self-will of certain incumbents (which cannot be denied) was connected rather with their beneficed than their ordained character, and certainly not with sacerdotal claims founded on the acceptance of what is called High Church doctrine. The exaggerated assertion of their rights by incumbents, it was therefore proposed to call Rectorcraft. Into the causes of this Rectorcraft it is now intended to inquire.

Cynics would say that the reason why an unbeneficed clergyman is more inclined to submission than one who has a benefice is because it is so much easier to remove the unbeneficed from his post. Unless by a rare accident the bishop be on his side, the assistant-curate is powerless and appeals in vain to Catholic antiquity, or to the consensus of east and west, or to the unreppealed Canon Law of the English Church. Such arguments are useless. Grumbling and making difficulties, the indefeasible resources of the oppressed, may be more helpful. But if the matter be serious and his superior in earnest, the curate finds that he has only Marshal Macmahon's choice between submission and dismissal. He may indeed think himself very lucky, if he is allowed after a dispute even to submit. For the quietness of the parish, and the smooth running of parochial work, are considered sufficient objects to justify the removal of a curate. The rector's position is different indeed. If he keep within the wide limits of the law, it is impregnable. Recent legislation has, it is true, made it no longer the safe citadel of grave misconduct or scandalous negligence; but an incumbent may still neglect his duties a good deal and be very infirm or inefficient, without running any risk. The cure of souls is, I suppose, the only work for which competence is not even theoretically a condition necessary to the enjoyment of the appointed remuneration. And in matters of ritual, and the like, a rector's discretion is large enough to allow of changes acutely painful to the feelings of his parishioners, and strongly condemned by his bishop, without the smallest possibility of effective interference.

We boast of the comprehensiveness of the Church, that is in other words, of its want of precise uniformity. It is lawful to have lighted candles on the altar, to perfume the church with incense, to adopt the eastward position and probably to wear special Eucharistic vestments; and it is lawful to do none of these things. It is lawful to celebrate the Eucharist every day (if there be three communicants) and in the morning; or only once a quarter and in the evening. To the use of music there are apparently no limits either way. Such scope for variety of liturgical custom has immense advantages. But it enables an incumbent to wound the feelings of his parishioners to a serious degree. Yet unless the law be broken nothing can hinder him of his unfettered will. Neither the bishop nor the parishioners can even in theory do more than insist on

the law being observed. As to limiting a rector's legal discretion in doing the Church services, they might as well claim to decide whether cabbages or asparagus shall be grown in the rectory garden. The rector has his freehold; he likes this vegetable and that ritual and there's an end of it.

Even when the law is broken it is not, as we all know, an easy matter to vindicate it against an incumbent. Last September there was an interesting discussion in the "Times" between Sir W. Harcourt, who thought it would be wise to prosecute the Ritualists under the Act of 1840, and Mr. Austin Taylor and others who thought it would not be wise. Remarkable accounts were given of the length of time and amount of money required for such a suit. Many years must elapse, it was pointed out, and many thousands of pounds be spent, before an incumbent could be deprived. Nor is this the only protection the freeholder of souls enjoys. Prosecutions can only be urged before State Courts; and a great body of High Church opinion thinks the jurisdiction of State Courts in religious matters an abuse. No prosecution can therefore be undertaken without raising a formidable controversy. And even if these obstacles did not exist, prosecution can never be anything but a clumsy and unsatisfactory remedy, fit only for extreme cases. Accordingly, except about matters which have been the topic of an excited controversy, no one even suggests prosecutions. Let a rector keep clear of the suspicion of Popery, and there is almost nothing he may not do without fear of the Courts of law.

But, cynics notwithstanding, an incumbent's legal security of tenure is not the only, not perhaps the principal source of his strength. Indeed it is fair to recognise that incumbents do not actually press their advantages as far as it has been here suggested that they might. They do not—at least not often—bid simultaneous defiance to law, bishop, and parishioners. The insubordinate Ritualists who have lately attracted attention have been backed by their congregations. And this serves to remind us of what is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the English Church. It is episcopal, national and catholic; but the warmest interests of its members and the most vigorous life that it displays are parochial. Wider aspects are not indeed unseen but they do not first catch the ordinary Churchman's eye. He may feel a duty to the Catholic Church, or to the Anglican Communion, or to the diocese, but his heart is in the parish. If he personifies the Church, the image wears black not purple, trousers not gaiters. If he quarrels with the rector, he stays away from church: no episcopal insult would produce a like separation. In short he thinks of the parish as the Church, as at least the ecclesiastical unit, the diocese being only a confederation of parishes, just as the province is of dioceses. The rector or vicar seems therefore the most prominent officer of the Church, and the bishop though more dignified is only a figure in the background. And if this is the feeling of the Man in the Street, it is naturally also the feeling of the incumbent himself. Not that he would in words deny the greatness and authority of the episcopal office; nor would he, like the less-instructed layman, doubt that the diocese is complete in itself—the microcosm of the Catholic Church—in a sense that a parish cannot be. But facts are facts. It is the incumbent, helped perhaps by his curates and a few of the laity, who has done the work—the effective spiritual work—which has been done. That work is, after all, parochial, and it is the parish workers that have done it, not the bishop. If the Church schools are still open, it is because the rector begged the money. If there is a new church in a neglected district, it was done by those in the parish—mainly by the rector. If the church is full, it is because of the unsparing labour that the clergy have thrown into their visiting, their charity, their preaching. The successes have been the rector's and so have the discouragements. He has fought against a sea of troubles. Difficulties from want of money, difficulties from human unreasonableness, difficulties inherent in the effort to make people good and pious who are greatly inclined to be the contrary—these have been faced and struggled with. Meantime the bishop has visited the parish as often as his engagements allowed

—once in three years perhaps. He has been indeed most kind, sympathetic and dignified when he has come. No one could be more charming, more fatherly, more encouraging than he. But necessarily the work has not been his. The decisions that have been taken, wise or foolish, the successes and the failures and the balance of effectual progress,—these are the rector's and his helper's not the bishop's. Is it strange then that authority should gravitate towards the rector, and that he and his assistants should be sometimes disinclined to listen to the admonitions of the bishop who has not shared their counsels or anxieties and who knows, they cannot but feel, much less of the parish than they do?

HUGH CECIL.

## THE RAILWAYS OF SCOTLAND.

### V.—THE GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

THIS, the smallest of the Scotch companies, occupies a flourishing district, more or less rectangular in shape, in the north-east part of the country, its territory being bounded at its four extreme points by the towns of Aberdeen, Fraserburgh, Elgin, and Ballater. In one respect it is unique amongst the railways of Great Britain, for no place on its whole system is within a 500-mile railway journey of the metropolis. For a long period this company "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," was content to provide a service of very poor quality indeed; but within the last twenty years it has, in spite of its distance from London, become one of the smartest and most enterprising lines in the country; and it is pleasing to be able to add that never has virtue more clearly proved to be its own reward.

The Great North of Scotland was incorporated in the year 1846, the intention at first being to construct a main line through from Aberdeen to Inverness with various branches on the way; but, owing to financial difficulties which almost at once supervened, the directors found themselves compelled to abandon a large part of the original scheme and to be content with something much less ambitious. Keith was finally fixed upon as the western terminus instead of Inverness, and to this day the company has never succeeded in getting to Inverness or anywhere near it. In 1847 an amalgamation was very nearly effected between the Great North and the old Perth and Aberdeen, and if this amalgamation had been carried through, it would have changed the whole course of British railway history; but for some reason or other the negotiations came to nothing, the Perth and Aberdeen subsequently became part of the Caledonian system, and the Great North was left in the isolation in which it has remained ever since.

The line was opened from Aberdeen to Huntly in 1852 and carried on as far as Keith three years later. Meanwhile other companies, which later on were merged in the Highland, had undertaken the abandoned portion from Keith through Elgin to Inverness and eventually railway communication between the two chief towns of the North was completed throughout in 1858. Keith remained the most westerly point on the Great North system until 1881 when the company absorbed the Morayshire line and thereby obtained a track of its own to Elgin, via Craigellachie. Not content with this it put in hand a valuable loop-line running along the north coast through Portsoy and Buckie also terminating at Elgin, and this was opened in 1886. At the present time therefore there are three routes between Aberdeen and Elgin, the old direct one by the Great North line to Keith and thence over the Highland, and the two others, much more circuitous, by which the Great North does not hand the traffic over to its rival before reaching Elgin. Naturally enough this curious geographical position has been the cause of a long and acrimonious dispute, each company desiring to forward the through traffic by the way which would give it the greatest mileage allowance. This summer however it was reported that the respective Boards had succeeded in coming to terms with one another, and for the time at any rate in the relations between them there is peace.

The Great North of Scotland has never provided accommodation for three classes of passengers; and tradition has it that the abolition of second-class on



the Midland line was due to a chance visit of that company's chairman to the Aberdeenshire district. Watching the working of the trains, he was much impressed by the advantages and economy which he saw resulting from the system of two classes only, and he made up his mind to give that system a trial on his own railway at the first opportunity. The story is probably true, and if it is, the facilities enjoyed by nineteen out of every twenty travellers in Great Britain to-day are due to the practice of an obscure little out-of-the-way line a generation ago. At the present time the two classes existing on the Great North are of course, as on every other line in Scotland, first and third, but in the company's unregenerate days passengers did not fare so well. The trains were made up of first and second-class carriages only, and the company contented itself with keeping inside the bare letter of its legal obligations by charging "Government" fares at certain times of the day. This evil custom, it may be mentioned in passing, still survives on the railways of the Isle of Wight, but elsewhere it has long since disappeared.

The Great North now shares the joint station at Aberdeen with the Caledonian. The North British trains also run into it over the Caledonian line from Kinnaber Junction, so that passengers from the South by all routes are now able to proceed direct to places beyond Aberdeen without having to undertake the drive across the city which used to be the source of so much inconvenience. The excellent hotel adjoining the Aberdeen station is the property of the Great North alone, and the company appears to find this branch of its business profitable, for a couple of years ago it built a new large hotel, principally for the benefit of golfers, at Cruden Bay.

On a railway situated as this is, with no really important towns on its system except its two termini, and at those termini working in connexion with larger companies, the services must to some extent depend on events happening outside the line's own district over which it has no control. When the Euston and King's Cross night trains were running fast to Aberdeen and delivering their passengers in that city in the early morning, the Great North put on an excellent express leaving Aberdeen at 6.45, making five intermediate stops, and covering the whole length of 87½ miles to Elgin in a time which at its best did not exceed two hours and three minutes. Seeing that this train had to travel over difficult gradients throughout and over a single line for about half the distance, it may fairly be said to have been one of the very best expresses ever seen in Great Britain. It competed successfully with the Highland route from the South via Perth; but when on both the East and West coast lines the speed of the London trains to Aberdeen was reduced, there was no longer any reason for the existence of the Great North express, and it was accordingly withdrawn. The local express services between the various towns of the system are good enough, as are also the suburban services in the Aberdeen district; and over all the line the station work is briskly carried out. On the Deeside line a smart train is run each way daily during the residence of the Court at Balmoral; but this should perhaps not be included amongst the regular work done for the benefit of the public.

In the Inverness direction the line is now doubled as far as Keith, and towards Ballater as far as Culter, but the company has still to deal with a very large proportion of single-line mileage. On single-line railways in America it often happens that the trains are few and far between, the track runs across open prairie land where it is nearly always possible to see for miles in every direction, and every vehicle of every train passenger and freight alike is equipped with a powerful continuous brake. In such cases no special precautions are required, but on lines worked under less favourable conditions something has to be done to obviate the risk of collisions occurring between trains travelling in opposite directions. The method usually employed is as follows:—The line is divided into a number of short sections. Before a train is allowed to enter one of these the signalman at the starting point must hand to the engine driver a metal check or something of the same nature bearing on it

the name of the particular section in question. When the end of the section is reached the driver delivers this check to the signalman there and receives in exchange a new check authorising him to proceed through the next section; and so on, the same process being repeated at each divisional point along the line. Care is taken that for any given section it shall be impossible for the signalmen to issue more than one check at the same time, hence it follows that collisions are impossible. For stopping trains this system of working is perfectly satisfactory, but the constant slowing or stopping for the purpose of handing out and receiving the checks makes fast expresses out of the question. The Great North of Scotland several years ago found itself greatly hampered by these delays and determined to find out a way of working the traffic more expeditiously. An arrangement was accordingly devised by which the checks could be exchanged while the train was running at full speed, and this invention which has been brought to great perfection has proved of the utmost value.

The coaching stock of this line is good. The company has at last got over its somewhat incomprehensible affection for the six-wheel type of carriage and has begun to use bogies like its neighbours. The electric light has been tried as an illuminant—though, as travellers by the London and South-Western know well enough, it is possible for electric lighting to be as inefficient as any other kind. The locomotives of this company are of a plain type and appear well up to their work. Londoners who are curious to know what they are like may satisfy themselves without going outside the four-mile radius. When the South-Eastern and the Chatham lines were amalgamated, the Joint Committee found themselves short of rolling stock of all descriptions. Orders were given out freely, but owing to the manufacturers being full of work delivery of the express engines required could not be promised for many months. As a matter of fact they have not been delivered yet, though it is hoped that one will be ready in time to represent the amalgamated companies at the Glasgow Exhibition next year. The Joint Committee in their extremity, finding that a number of engines were being built at Glasgow for the Great North, arranged with the latter company, whose need was less urgent, to take over five of them at once; and these five came to the South-Eastern and Chatham system a few months ago. The Great North introduced a type of tender with one bogie truck and two ordinary axles which has since made its appearance on the Glasgow and South-Western line. It is difficult to see the advantage of this hybrid over either of the more usual forms.

\* \* This article concludes the *Scotch series*: that on the *Irish lines* will begin 12 January with the *Belfast and Northern Counties*.

#### PARIS AND IDEAS.

I HAVE been turning over a book which has called up many memories, and which has set me thinking about people and ideas. The book is called "French Portraits: being Appreciations of the Writers of Young France," it is published in Boston, and it is written by an American, Mr. Vance Thompson, who writes somewhat hysterically, but in a spirit of generous appreciation. It is pretentious, as the people in the Latin Quarter are pretentious; that is to say, innocently, and on behalf of ideas. It all keeps step, gallantly enough, to a march, not Schumann's, of the followers of David against the Philistines. One seems to see a straggling company wandering down at night from the heights of Montmartre: the thin faces, long hair, flat-brimmed tall hats and wide-brimmed soft hats, the broken gestures, eager voices, desperate light-heartedness. They have not more talent than people over here; they are much more likely to waste, as it is called, whatever talent they have; but these people whom Mr. Thompson's book calls up before us are after all the enthusiasts of ideas, and their follies bubble up out of a drunkenness at least as much spiritual as material. Few of the idealists I have known have been virtuous; that is to say they

have chosen their virtues after a somewhat haphazard plan of their own; some of them have loved absinthe, others dirt, all idleness; but why expect everything at once? Have we, who lack ideas and ideals, enough of the solid virtues to put into the balance against these weighty abstractions? I only ask the question; but I persist in thinking that we have still a great deal to learn from Paris, and especially on matters of the higher morality.

Well, Mr. Thompson, in his vague, heated, liberal way, scatters about him, in this large book of his, many excellent criticisms of people and things; flinging them in our faces, indeed, and as often the stem without the flower as the flower without the stem. He tells us about Verlaine and Mallarmé, about Barrès, Marcel Schwob, Maeterlinck, Moréas, Pierre Louÿs, and a score of others; not as precisely as one might have wished, often indeed rather misleadingly, but always with at least the freshness of a personal interest. An unwary reader might, it is true, imagine that the chapter on Maeterlinck records an actual conversation, an actual walk through Brussels: instead of a conversation wholly imaginary, made up of scraps out of the essays, rather casually tossed together. Such a reader will indeed be beset by pitfalls, and will perhaps come away with several curious impressions: such as that M. Adolphe Retté is a great poet and M. Henri de Régnier not a poet at all. But books are not written for unwary readers, and pitfalls are only dangerous to those who have not the agility to avoid them. The portraits, especially Valloton's clever outlines (mostly reproduced from M. Remy de Gourmont's two admirable volumes of "*Le Livre des Masques*") give a serious value to these pages, and there are, in all, more than fifty portraits.

As I turn over the pictures, recognising face after face, I am reminded of many nights and days during the ten years that I have known Paris, and a wheel of memory seems to turn in my head like a kaleidoscope, flashing out the pictures of my own that I keep there. The great sleepy and fiery head of Verlaine is in so many of them. He lies back in his corner at the Café François Premier, with his eyes half shut; he drags on my arm as we go up the boulevard together; he shows me his Bible in the little room up the back stairs; he nods his nightcap over a great picture book as he sits up in bed at the hospital. I see Mallarmé as he opens the door to me on that fourth floor of the Rue de Rome, with his exquisite manner of welcome. Catulle Mendès lectures on the poetry of the Parnassians, reading Glatigny's verses with his suave and gliding intonation. I see Maeterlinck in all the hurry of a departure, between two portmanteaus; Marcel Schwob in a quiet corner by his own fireside, discussing the first quarto of "*Hamlet*." Maurice Barrès stands before an after-luncheon camera, with the Princess Mathilde on his arm, in an improvised group on the lawn. Jean Moréas, with his piratical air, thunders out a poem of his own to a waitress in a Bouillon Duval. I find myself by the side of Adolphe Retté at a strange performance in which a play of Tola Dorian is followed by a play of Rachilde. Stuart Merrill introduces me to an editor at the Bullier, Vielé-Griffin speaks English with an evident reluctance at the office of the "*Mercure de France*," where Henri de Régnier is silent under his eye-glass. It is a varied company, and there are all the others, whom Mr. Thompson does not mention, besides those whom he mentions, but whom I do not know, or whom I have met only out of Paris, like Verhaeren. In those houses, those hospitals, those cafés, many of the ideas on which, consciously or unconsciously, how many of us are now living, came into existence. Meanwhile, how many ideas, of any particular importance to anybody, have come into existence in the London drawing-rooms and clubs of the period, where our men of letters meet one another, with a mutually comfortable resolve not to talk "shop"?

Ideas, it may be objected, are one thing; achievement is quite another. Yes, achievement is quite another, but achievement may sometimes be left out of the question not unprofitably. It is too soon to see how much has been actually done by the younger men I have named; even Maeterlinck, who has already his

fame, is only half-way on in his progress. But think how Maeterlinck has brought a new soul into the drama; has brought (may one not say?) the soul into drama. Think what Verlaine has done for French poetry, ending a tradition, which only waited extinction, and creating in its place a new law of freedom, of legitimate freedom, full of infinite possibilities. And, coming down to the very youngest school of "Naturists" (or is there, as I write, a still younger one already?), is there not a significant ferment of thought, a convinced and persuasive restatement of great principles, which every generation has to discover over again for itself, under some new form? All these men, or, to be exact, nearly all these men, have thought before writing, have thought about writing, have thought about other things than writing. They have taken the trouble to form theories, they have not hesitated to lay a foundation before building. The foundation has not always been solid, nor the building a fine piece of architecture. But at least literature in France is not a mere professional business, as so much of what passes for literature is in England, it is not written for money, and it is not written mechanically, for the mere sake of producing a book of verse or prose. In Paris the word art means a very serious and a very definite thing: a thing for which otherwise very unheroic people will cheerfully sacrifice whatever chances they may have of worldly success. Over here I know remarkably few people who seem to me to be sacrificing as much for art as almost any one of those disorderly young men who walk so picturesquely in the Luxembourg Gardens when the band plays. Well, the mere desire to excel, the mere faithfulness to a perhaps preposterous theory of one's duty to art, the mere attempt to write literature, is both an intellectual and a moral quality, which it is worth while to recognise for what it is worth, even if the outcome of it, for the moment, should but be some "*Père Ubu*" in all the shapelessness of the embryo. Where we have the germ of life, life will in time work out its own accomplishment. And for ideas, which are the first stirrings of life about to begin, we must still, I think, look to France.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

#### "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION."

IT may be that my neighbours "D. S. M." and "J. F. R." will from this number of the SATURDAY REVIEW launch retrospects at the history of their two spheres in the past century. But do not demand "*British Drama: 1800-1900*" from me. In the year of grace 2000, if I am alive and in full possession of my faculties, I shall possibly find need to be retrospective. I find no need now. This expiring century, except in its last decade, made no attempt to produce a drama for us. Throughout its first ninety years it gave us many mimes, many theatres, nothing else. I might compose a catalogue of its mimes and theatres; but how dull that would be, and how superfluous! I might recall some events of the past decade; but they are fresh enough in your memories. Besides, to a practical art-critic, art's present and future are much more important than its past. Let me, then, even in the last article this century will get from me, devote myself to a play which the semi-private and wholly admirable Stage Society produced, a few days ago, at the Criterion.

It is not a good play, this "*Captain Brassbound's Conversion*." It is not, never could be, effective on the stage. It is in no danger of becoming a classic and being called "*The Captain*" by affectionate mimes. Like all Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays, it is a good entertainment, full of thought and fun; but it is not, as are some of them, dramatic. It jumps too much. It has no continuity of manner. Farce, comedy, melodrama, and other forms less easily labelled, play hide-and-seek through it, none of them ever catching another. All of them are distinct from one another, and all of them have innumerable turns. Had I the script of the play and a different coloured pencil for every different form that is exploited in it, every page would be like a kaleidoscope. It might be rather pretty. But the stage is one thing, the study another. Mr. Shaw's kaleidoscopic method



does not do for the stage. In point of dramatic art, it is a pity that Mr. Shaw is master of so many forms—so many more forms, Polonius, than are dreamt of in your category! Or, rather, it is a pity that he is sometimes bent on showing them all off separately within a couple of hours. When he fuses them, the result is all right. In "The Devil's Disciple" there was a true fusion of melodramatic with farcical, farcical with comedical, comedical with Shaw-Historical, Shaw-Historical with Shaw-Philosophical-Propagandistical-Demoniacal-Angelical. Innumerable other -icals were there, but they were all fused well into unity. In "You Never Can Tell," again, there was sufficient fusion. Here every -ical performs a *pas-seul*.

Our author might say "Pooh! I am a realist. I give you life as it is. Men and women are diverse creatures. There are all kinds of people existing, side by side. Nor are they consistent even in themselves. They are ridiculous at one moment, respectable at another. In an honest play there can be no harmony of form. You stick up for harmony? Pooh!" This, or something like it, is what our author probably *would* say. The prime tenet in his creed, as you all know, is that he is a realist. Of course, as you all know, he is nothing of the sort. He is an idealist—idealist to the core, but cursed with a sense of humour. His plays are presentments of life as he thinks it ought to be, life as logic. So keen always is his hunger for logic in life that the wish becomes the proud father of the thought. He does quite honestly believe that logic, not passion, is the pivot on which the world goes round. So he has no compunction in depriving his characters of emotions. He differentiates them, (not as human beings are differentiated, by the quantity and quality of their emotions, but) by the quantity and quality of their logical powers. His heroes and heroines, as Mr. Walkley has said, are they who can, in the twinkling of an eye, see through a false syllogism. His villains and villainesses are they who can't, they to whom the fallacy has to be explained, with admirable patience and lucidity, by the heroes and heroines whom he worships as passionately as (say) the late Mr. Pettitt worshipped his. Mr. Shaw, in fact, is a very rampant idealist. But he has also a very strong sense of humour. He cannot help making even his heroes and heroines ridiculous. Nor does this process (being natural to him, and inevitable) diminish his idealistic reverence. Nor does it induce in him a doubt of his unflinching realism. Well! Far be it from me to induce in him that poisonous doubt. His mind and his attitude are far too delightful for me to wish to alter them. The one suggestion I was going to make to him is this: that in a play, as in every other work of art, there must be unity of form. Life may be comic, tragic, melodramatic, &c., &c., in a series of snippets. But life is long, art is short. Life need not select, art must. A play, even more than any other work of art, must be *qualis ab incepto*. For a play is meant to be seen in a theatre, not to be studied in a study. If I had here my coloured script of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," I might, reading it very slowly, with many pauses and efforts, be able to attune myself to every passage of it. But a play has no business to rely on the appeal it would make through its script—plain or coloured. A play's proper appeal is to an audience. And no audience, however quick-witted, can appreciate a play which can only be appreciated through constant changes in the key of receptivity. Mr. Shaw's dialogue jumps out of one key, without warning, while the audience is still in another key. The audience proceeds to jump after it, only to find that the dialogue has already jumped elsewhere. The chase is hot. It is great fun, in its way—exciting, exhilarating, good mental exercise. But it is not æsthetic pleasure. Without unity of impression there can be no æsthetic pleasure. And it is at the production of æsthetic pleasure that plays should aim. Mr. Shaw, I know, would say "Pooh!" to that law. I have laid it down merely because it is true, not with any hope of inducing him to respect it always. I have no faith in the reformatory powers of criticism—especially when Mr. Shaw is the criminal. For my part, I am quite willing to accept Mr. Shaw always exactly as he is. But then I delight

in "personality." The public does not delight in it as I do. And so we admirers of Mr. Shaw's work must not wonder that "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" was not produced publicly and in the odour of commercialism, but semi-privately by the Stage Society. There are several of Mr. Shaw's plays which might well be produced publicly in the Metropolis—plays which would be very great successes. But "The Captain," I venture to think, is not one of them. Without unity no play can "draw the public." Without unity no play can seem to me good. Thus, once and away, I find a point in common between the public and myself.

There is no lack of unity in the dramatic version of "Struwpeter" made for the Garrick Theatre by Messrs. Philip Carr and Nigel Playfair. Reading preliminary announcements, I had anticipated that the various and separate moral tragedies contained in that classic book were to be staged as a pantomime, and I had wondered on what thread they would be strung. Messrs. Carr and Playfair, however, have eschewed the pantomimic form. They have done the trick by concentrating under one roof, or rather in one garden, most of those familiar children whom Hoffmann diffused over Frankfort. Fidgety Phil is no longer an only child. The lives of his Papa and Mamma are afflicted by other offspring—Augustus, the refuser of soup, Shock-Headed Peter himself, and Foolish Harriet. The members of this family, between them, manage to reproduce on the stage all their own exploits and most of the exploits attributed to their rivals. Thus, it is they who mock the blackamoor and are dipped in the ink. It is Phil who sucks his thumb and is pursued by the Long Tall Tailor. It is Peter who is wafted to the clouds by his umbrella. Papa himself is Agrippa, and the tailor, and other ministers of vengeance. The only incidents denied us are the incidents of which Little Johnny Head-in-Air and Cruel Frederick were the respective heroes. Otherwise, *tout est là, rien ne manque*. The adaptors must be complimented on the ingenuity and reverence with which they have done their work. In one instance they have even improved on their original. When Papa has solemnly dipped the three boys in the ink, he sends them into the house to be washed. Mamma comes out presently, complaining of the trouble she has been put to. "And they tell me," she says to Papa, "that it was *you* who dipped them in the ink. But of course that cannot be." Papa, bribing Harriet not to betray him, is a tragic instance of the evil that may result from even the noblest forms of zeal. I wonder what Hoffmann, that out-and-out champion of adults, would have thought of this interpolation. I suspect he would have been pained, also, by the modern tenderness with which the collaborators have mitigated the doom which befell the various children of his fancy. That Harriet should not really be burnt, that Augustus should regain his former bulk, that the sucked thumbs should not really be cut off—all these concessions to modern taste would, I fancy, have revolted him. However, the play is quite delightful, and deserves to prosper. Precedes it a mawkish and ill-written affair called "The Man Who Stole the Castle." MAX.

#### CHRISTMAS MUSIC, ROMAN AND PROTESTANT.

ON Tuesday afternoon Mr. Robert Newman gave a Christmas concert, and the programme was one of the most curious ever heard in Queen's Hall or elsewhere. As announced on the posters on the walls it looked like a very brief set of instrumental pieces—the overture to the "Messiah," the pastoral symphony from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," the prelude to "Parsifal," the "Lohengrin" prelude, were the principal items; but on being handed the full programme inside I found that the performance was virtually one of the whole of the "Messiah" save the choruses—the orchestral pieces I have mentioned took their place. The effect was extremely odd, so odd indeed that I devised and put into immediate execution a plan for making myself feel more at home, and less as if I had tumbled into a penny-reading in some part of the country remote from civilisation. The plan

I shall keep to myself: it is not well that everyone should know it, else on some similar occasion might the singers and players find themselves blazing away at empty benches. And this, I thought, is Christmas music in England! The effect was, certainly to me, partly due to contrast, to the remarkable contrast it presented to a performance at which I had assisted the previous night and morning. For it had occurred to me to go as far as the Dominican Church on Haverstock Hill and hear the music done there at the Midnight service. The music, save the snatches of the old plain-chant, was of the commonest description; yet, perhaps owing to the plain-chant, one was carried back into the old time when Christmas was really Christmas: not the Christmas of Dickens, with its roast turkey and beef and beer and brandy and hot water, but the real religious Christmas, the night when Christ was born and the angels sang in the sky to the astonished shepherds. The spirit of that Christmas, the spirit of which the "Messiah" of Handel and the "Christmas Oratorio" of Bach are both full, finds a poor substitute in the spirit of the Christmas of Dickens. It is well to be jovial once in a while, I suppose; but it is better to be joyful; and there is all the difference in the world between the deep joy, the sublime ecstasy of Bach, Handel, of the inventors of the old plain-chant, and the somewhat public-house-y merriment and uproar of Dickens. In the old days Christmas began at midnight; in Dickens Christmas Eve is not over until long after midnight, and men and women leave the card-tables or the hospitable hearth and the roaring fire, and they retire in a jovial condition and sleep till the sun is up, and then they begin again with joviality and their eating and drinking and their blind man's buff. It is perhaps better than an unbroken round of sordid business affairs; but I cannot help thinking that the people of the older days had the finer time of it. Although the music of Handel occupied so much of Tuesday afternoon's programme, the spirit that hovered over the concert was the spirit of Dickens rather than of Handel and Bach and the old world. The service at Haverstock Hill was an act of rejoicing; the concert at Queen's Hall took the place of the afternoonskating, or the twenty-mile walk which Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick, with the full approval of Dickens, recommended as the best possible interlude between two huge meals. I am not a Roman Catholic; but I must admit there is more of what seems to me the finest spirit of Christmas in the Roman music than in the modern Protestant music, or in the modern Protestant way of treating Handel and Bach. Every Anglican tune carries with it a weary burden of painful associations—one cannot but remember the Cockney who for weeks before Christmas lingers at your door desecrating as a mere matter of commerce the sublimest words and the most sacred ideas. Moreover, most of the best Anglican tunes have been written since the true old conception of Christmas walked out before the odour of Dickens' beef and beer. I wonder what sort of a work-a-composer would turn out if he wrote for a Christmas audience of to-day as Bach wrote for a Christmas audience of two centuries ago. But this is away from the point.

Coming almost direct, one might say, via my domicile from Haverstock Hill to Langham Place, the shock was of the rudest. For many years I had preserved in a healthy state my infantile illusions about Christmas by the ingenious device of going abroad. Not even Dickens had shattered them. Dickens had even added something: he had added a feeling of mild conviviality to the awe and wonder and joyfulness of the time. The Queen's Hall concert showed me I belonged to a country where Christmas, the real Christmas, no longer exists, where it has been almost totally forgotten. We started with the overture to the "Messiah," which was a good thing to start with; we next were given the Pastoral symphony from the "Messiah," which was a good thing to continue with; then we had other numbers of the "Messiah" and the Pastoral symphony from the "Christmas Oratorio;" and then Mr. Wood gathered himself together, so to say, for the great event of the afternoon. A harp was dragged in; two flautists descended from their places in the orchestra; and there were inflicted upon

us "The Flight into Egypt" and a serenade from the "Childhood of Christ" of Berlioz. No genuine emotion could outlive that. Miss Timothy played her harp well, as she always does; Mr. Fransella and another gentleman whose name is unknown to me tootled quite charmingly on their flutes; and the effect was the effect of the same combination of instruments as it can sometimes be heard outside a public-house. I saw in my mind's eye the rusty crew: the broken-down harp with about ten strings left; the flute capable of playing in only one key and that not the key of the harp; and (though on this occasion no violin shared in the game) the fiddle three or more whole tones beneath even the French pitch. Who has not seen them, and pitied them, and pitied still more the unfortunate folk compelled for a quarter of an hour to listen to them? The fault was not in the players; only the music can be blamed: the vulgar and barren music of a gentleman who is, after all his hardships are admitted, the most overrated composer of the century. My soul revolted and said unto itself "Confound Berlioz!" It is true that the world has never taken to his music; but for once the world is right. There is everything in his music save beauty and emotion, the two things that give music a right to exist. Apart from these two numbers the afternoon had enough the air of an entertainment, seemed sufficiently like a substitute for the antics of Mr. Pickwick on the ice; with them the thing became something lower than the penny-readings of my infancy. No one can well blame Mr. Wood for trying them on the public; for even Berlioz ought not to be condemned in this country until he has been heard; and if he was never heard, we should all begin to say, How is it we never hear Berlioz at Queen's Hall? Now that these pieces have been played once I hope they will never be played again—that dreary, stupid fugue, that lower-than-the-music-halls serenade!

Well, Mr. Newman gives these Christmas Day entertainments for the people who want to be entertained on Christmas Day, not for discontented musical critics who want to preserve or revive the emotions and illusions of their childhood. So one must not grumble. Anyhow, those of us who were present had an opportunity of hearing Handel played in an artistic manner. It is true the villainous edition of the late Robert Franz was used; but Handel is able to survive even that. The accepted manner of playing him is to start away at a certain pace—generally a pace admirably unsuited to the music—and unless the soprano or the tenor keeps the conductor waiting while he or she holds a high note not in the original score, to keep that pace steadily throughout; so that some of the noblest songs and choruses in the world become as expressionless as the noise of an automobile making its triumphal progress. We have all heard that kind of rendering in any provincial town or the Albert Hall. Mr. Wood actually played the overture, the Pastoral symphony and the accompaniments as if they were music and he was a musician. He did not turn "Every valley" into an imitation of passages from "Tristan," but he gave the phrases the natural expression that a musician would give them on the piano. The Pastoral symphony was really exquisite. It is one of Handel's hurriedly-written, impressionistic pieces; compared with Bach's elaborate treatment of the same thing it appears at first thin and nearly colourless; yet, when it is listened to in the proper spirit, if there is not a note too many, one cannot feel that there is one too few. Bach's is full of a personal emotion: indeed towards the finish the phrases are vocal, they speak with the very voice of some of Wagner's finest recitatives. Handel gives us a simple melody over a firm bass, and he gets precisely the picturesque result he desired, and through the quality of the picture we get the emotion. Even that sustained bass yields one the impression of midnight when all the noises of the workaday world are hushed, and we hear only the deep steady booming note of the earth as it rolls on its course amongst the silent stars. The rendering of the Bach piece was beautiful also: one felt first the loveliness and profound feeling of the thing, and afterwards that here was a conductor who knew how much lay waiting in Bach's music to be drawn from it. That rocking cadence came off again and again with en-



trancing effect. This is the true Christmas music. Bach and Handel, both Protestants, were full of the spirit of the older religion; and they wrote music for Christmas that would not be out of place in a Roman Midnight service. The songs, I must say, without the choruses sounded scrappy and incomplete. Some of the singers sang them pleasantly and without too much of the accursed "traditional manner" of singing Handel; but then there are few songs in the "Messiah" which do not lead directly to a chorus for their climax; and always just as one was becoming interested the thing stopped. On the whole I think that next year I shall go again to Haverstock Hill or some other mid-night service, but carefully abstain from Mr. Newman's Christmas entertainment, excellent though that is for those who wish merely to kill an afternoon, and who like their Handel diluted with Wagner and Berlioz.

J. F. R.

#### JOHN OF LONDON AND GEORGE OF CASTELFRANCO.

**W**ARNED suddenly that my last article for the present century must be done quickly because of the Christmas holiday break in the week, I put aside several subjects that had a right of precedence and jot down my day's journal. It presents a whimsical juxtaposition; in the morning a number of drawings by a man scarcely known as yet, but a man who crosses over into the new century with a chance of being remembered among its names; in the evening the disclosure of two or three new pictures by a painter on whom four centuries have gathered equal fame and mystery.

The drawings were the haphazard collection of a studio portfolio, ranging from notes on scraps of café paper and careful studies of structure to projects for ambitious pictures. Throughout there was a mixture of irony and beauty of quality and proportion rare in English art. We are fond of impoverished versions of both, kept strictly apart. We have the Joke tethered in its little giggling circle, a monkey in a cage. Behemoth burdens the forest, and Leviathan makes the deep to boil, and a light to shine by his neezings unrecognised by our decorous comic press. On the other side prettiness and elegance wear their decorative smile. In these drawings there was a sense of the fantastic immixture in life; irony was not domesticated into the facetious situations 1 to 12 of *Punch* nor romance into attitudes 1 to 12 of the Anglican Camelot. One series depicted groups of *Philister in Sonntagsröcklein*. For example a party of three have painfully climbed to a height and are looking out over a magnificent prospect. Looking out blindly; there is awkwardness and distraction in their feet and hands and their manner of holding themselves; the old man, with a vague souvenir of church, removes his hat; his wife, *affaissée* with the walk, and thinking of other things, hangs beside him; behind, the third figure has an attention more actively engaged, as he sidles up to the woman; and the clouds go up in an epical setting of ennui and lazy desire.

In others the vague bland little mind of mortals is seen in the agglomerations of the street; a crowd presses together round some centre unseen, like the football in a scrimmage; perhaps three of them know why they are pressing; the rest press half-heartedly from without, and one or two of their profiles start, in haggard light, from the general shadow.

A project for a picture shows the nude figure of a woman, struggling to free herself from the violent hands of a group of men. To the right a horse is held, on which they would mount her for escape. To the left stands death, waiting for her to come to him.

On my way home I picked up at the office Mr. Herbert Cook's little book on Giorgione.\* I was arrested, in looking through its pages, by an extraordinary portrait that Mr. Cook has discovered in an English private collection (that of Mrs. Meynell-Ingram at Temple Newsam, Leeds). How carelessly rich England still is in pictures, that a work so fine should be unknown at

\* *Giorgione*. By Herbert Cook. London: George Bell and Sons. 1900. 5s.

the end of the nineteenth century! I speak, of course, only of what the imperfect print gives of design and expression. But these are so grave and intense, in the kind proper to Giorgione, that Mr. Cook must surely be right in his attribution. Could not one of the galleries in London arrange with the owner for a loan of this picture? It seems from the photograph to be one of the most superb portraits ever painted. Another little-known picture is the portrait identified as that of Caterina Cornaro in the Crespi collection at Milan. Here again the originality of design and vividness of expression within the Giorgionesque kind are strong arguments in favour of Mr. Cook's ascription, for Giorgione may be said to have invented a new kind of picture with each of his important works. I have had time for no more than a hasty glance at the book, but its general argument is this. The process of denuding Giorgione in favour of Titian and of a number of lesser painters has gone absurdly far. It proceeds on the assumption of a perfection in all his works that turns him into a mythical monster for our admiration. It is more probable, Mr. Cook argues, that a man of so ardently lyrical a temper would be unequal in his work. In any case scepticism has gone too far, and would doubtless have attacked the three absolutely authenticated pictures, were they not so strongly defended by evidence. Thus, as I remarked in dealing with the Wallace Collection, if we are to dismiss the *Venus disarming Cupid* for weak construction as not possibly a Giorgione, the *Fête Champêtre* of the Louvre must go with it. Certain critics have carried logic to that point, and presented Domenico Campagnola with the latter picture, a gift that would probably have surprised him. Mr. Cook restores pictures to Giorgione with great courage and in considerable numbers. I am delighted to see that he gives back to him the *Concert of the Pitti*, which Morelli presented to the "young Titian." But his most revolutionary work deals with a series of portraits. He gives to Giorgione that picture in the National Gallery anciently described as the "Ariosto" of Titian, and recently as a "Poet" by Palma, an attribution for which there is not much to be said (the authorship of Giorgione was suggested by Mr. Dicks some years ago). Then there is the Cobham "Ariosto," a portrait in the Stanpalia-Querini collection, and the "Physician Parma" at Vienna, given currently to Titian. The total result is a list of works nearly seventy in number, instead of the meagre nineteen of Morelli. At the National Gallery alone we have, according to Mr. Cook, no less than five. Here is a magnificent New Year's present! Of course these conclusions, which I will not attempt to discuss now, will be hotly contested; Mr. Claude Phillips and Mr. Berenson will have a word to say, and there is a book by Mr. Charles Loeser due in another series, which ought to yield sport; but Mr. Cook does not advance his views without plausible reasons tested by careful repeated inspection of the pictures. No one who has not a fresh impression of the whole list of paintings expressly taken to judge of Mr. Cook's case is in a position to do so with complete assurance. But he strikes one as an open-minded, sensible and careful student. We have not in this country, unfortunately, a review like the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, but there is a growing number of scholars who give travel, money, and time to the studies that would find their place in its pages. Mr. Cook is one of these. One little point of extravagance I remarked in a hasty survey. Mr. Cook notes the composition of some of Giorgione's pictures on the lines of an equilateral triangle as characteristic (he means, by the way, isosceles; it is what used to be called "pyramidal"). But if he discovers this in pictures like the Giovanelli Giorgione and the *Pallas and Evander*, he might discover it in any picture whatsoever. The Giovanelli picture, by the way, seems to me to have a reputation enhanced by the difficulty of seeing it, and the strengthening of its thundery effect in photographs. In the original the effect is one of puzzle over the rather toy-like scattered figures, and the colour and tone are tamer than what one expects. Examples, on the other hand, of ingenious speculation are the identification of the two "Nativities" (Beaumont and Vienna) with the two "Nights" mentioned in a contemporary document,

and the argument that finds confirmation of authorship in the Glasgow and Kingston Lacy pictures because their drama is unsuccessful. Mr. Cook, by the way, follows other writers in stating that of the Giorgione-Titian frescoes on the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi* only a trace remains. There is only one figure on the front, but on the Post Office side there are considerable fragments, which might yield something if closely examined. The alley, unfortunately, is very dark. D. S. M.

#### NEW LIFE ASSURANCE BUSINESS.

THE first item in the reports of most life assurance companies is the number and amount of the new policies issued during the year and the premiums that these policies yield. A good deal of stress is frequently laid upon the advantages of a large new business, and in comparisons between different offices the amount of the new assurances, and the increase or decrease as compared with previous years, is often regarded as of much importance. Many of the reports issued in 1900 about the business transacted in 1899 showed a smaller amount of new business than usual, and when the reports of the business of 1900 are published we expect it will generally be found that the new assurances issued this year have been much below the average.

In view of these facts and probabilities it is worth while considering the value of new business, and the importance, or otherwise, of an increase or decrease in this item. One advantage of a large amount of new assurances is a probable improvement in the general mortality experience of a company, in consequence of lives that have been recently medically examined being of better quality than lives that have been assured for several years. There is undoubtedly some benefit derived in this way from the influx of a large number of recently examined policy-holders, but the benefit is much less than is frequently supposed. Apparently reliable statistics make out that the mortality benefit from this source is equivalent to about 40 per cent. of the first year's premiums. On the other hand there is in nearly every case a serious drawback to a large amount of new business, inasmuch as it is very expensive to obtain. It is when an office seeks to do a very large amount of new business that the expense becomes excessive. It is specially important to emphasise the fact that it is not in the interests of existing policy-holders to acquire a large amount of new business at an excessive cost. Many companies of the highest class steadily refuse to seek new policy-holders by extravagant means, while many inferior companies as steadily pursue the opposite course of obtaining a large new business regardless of expense. In the coming year we shall have many of the best offices showing only a small amount of new assurances, and it seems advisable to say very distinctly and definitely that, in the circumstances that have prevailed this year, those companies will have best consulted the interests of existing policy-holders who have abstained from heavy expenditure in order to keep up the average of their new business. It is normally satisfactory to issue such an amount of new assurance as to slightly more than compensate for cessations from all causes, and the ideal of many of the most successful offices is only to do this. Most likely many good companies will fail to do so in 1900, and if they do fail it will be in no way detrimental to existing policy-holders. During the next few months we are likely to have the agents of extravagant companies making disparaging remarks about the decrease in new business of economical offices, and it is as well to discount these criticisms beforehand.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

"CINQ OU SIX COUPS DE BÂTON NE FONT QUE REGAILLARDIR L'AMOUR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is the same "breed" though seas divide the children from the parent stock. The same proud consciousness of being ever in the right animates both the British lion and his Yankee "whelps."

Has not Mr. Stead said so, and affirmed his state-

ment, with a (pious) oath? The Anglo-Saxon race, which, in the happy future, will give laws and beer to all the world, is quite unlike every particular and individual race of pulers upon earth. It found out liberty and patented the discovery to keep it pure and profitable and undefiled by the base touch of other and inferior races, who are allowed to occupy (as warming-pans) those vacant spaces, for which the Anglo-Saxon race is not yet ready, or in which the "breed" cannot increase and multiply according to the dictum of its God.

A happy race, greatly misunderstood by foreigners, and exposed to much misapprehension and no little calumny when it goes forth in a large portion of its majesty, to carry to the Philippines and the Transvaal that liberty which it enjoys in England and America alike.

One race, one heart, which beats in unison across the sea, mutual respect and toleration for its own foibles, whether in England or in Yankeeland. Such faith in mutual kinship when no commercial interest intervenes. Such after-dinner speeches; Chauncey E. Depew and the "Great Cecil," each agog to crush the Spaniards in the name of liberty and God. Nothing, no nothing, could possibly disturb the harmony existent between the two chief sections of the "breed." If a door has to be left ajar, in the Galapagos Islands, in Paraguay or Patagonia, or any portion of the world where the Trans-Atlantic section has no interest, it graciously concedes the privileges no doubt with an inward reservation to the effect that old John Bull will have to pay in real coin one day for the sham concession. Then up go pæans of Anglo-Saxon chortledom, on this side of the ocean, and proud protestation, that united, we (that is Great Britain and America) can whip the world.

True, our dear "whelps" (the phrase is not mine but that of a great poet) never reciprocate our gush and take our praise in silence, and despise us, as the cheater always despises the man that he deceives.

The kick we got, cleanly delivered a tergo and with circumstance in Venezuela; the San Juan award; the "Alabama" claims; the Behring fishery dispute and the insulting terms in which their newspapers referred to our exploits amongst the Boers, might surely long ere this have shown us the true disposition towards us of our own dear "whelps."

But no; we went on patting ourselves upon our diaphragms and making certain that all those kicks to which our kindred treated us were but the symptoms of the affection and the love they bore to us. True that in return for the "moral" help we gave them in their brave punching of their "brother Spaniards" head, they gave us nothing of a kindred sort when in our turn we started out to thrash our "brother Boer." This was the more extraordinary, as a fellow-feeling should have made them kinder, seeing that both of us were simultaneously engaged in coercing smaller nations who were struggling to be free. But we discounted it, knowing as Anglo-Saxons that there can be no liberty outside our flags, and being well aware that both of us are fond of posing in the rôle of liberators when other nations are concerned, but neither of us like to put in practice what we preach.

Lastly upon the top of all our condescension, like a cold bath upon a drunkard, come the clauses of the Senate in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, to which we are commanded to assent. Kick number twenty (I think) and I suppose Lord Salisbury is going to turn his ample shoulders to receive it, and to assure the kickers of his distinguished consideration, and to thank them for the energy with which it is bestowed.

It seems impossible, so experts tell us, that the canal could be defended even though fortified in case of war; but then liar, damned liar and expert is a comparison almost proverbial in this commercial age. Assuming, though, that it would be impossible to defend the Isthmian canal, the spirit shown remains the same. It looks as if we voluntarily by our mean senseless conduct in the Spanish-Yankee war had placed ourselves in the position of the man who, having lost the world, imagined he had gained his soul, but on consideration found his prize a mere hypothesis.

Yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.



## TURF REFORM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Newmarket, 27 December, 1900.

SIR,—Your articles of the last three weeks on Turf Reform will have been read with great appreciation by those men who race for the love of sport, and not the love of gambling.

You point out that one of the first conditions of Turf reform is a greater sensitiveness amongst owners of horses and the racing community on the points of racing honour. Here you strike at the root of the corruption of the Turf.

Before you can hope to reform the jockeys, you must reform their employers.

When the code of Turf morality is so low that members of the Jockey Club not only employ jockeys and trainers who have been warned off the Turf, but even tumble over each other to offer them large retainers—it clearly shows that the value of a good character is held but in slight esteem by the members of the Jockey Club, and this being so, how is it possible to expect that the jockeys themselves should set value enough on their reputations for honesty? The class of owners has so changed in the last fifteen years, both as to quality and to quantity, that it behoves the leaders of the Turf to set their own house in order before they can hope to have the Turf conducted in such a way that gentlemen can enter into the sport with any feeling of security and enjoyment.

I enclose my card and remain your obedient servant,

TRAINER.

## ARE THE MARINES OBSOLETE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 December, 1900.

SIR,—Military matters are the talk everywhere. The naval service for the moment takes a back seat, but whether the scare is one with regard to the land or the sea forces, no one seems to remember the existence of a body commonly known as the Royal Marines, and I crave the indulgence of your columns to propound the following question:—

“Are the marines as marines obsolete?” If this can be proved to be the case, then regardless of the fact that the marine corps has in past days earned the gratitude of the nation and that at the present time, whenever called upon, it is always ready at the call of duty to add to its innumerable laurels, we are not justified in keeping up a force which is no longer required. The expenses connected with our defences are already so enormous that it becomes increasingly necessary to look to every part of our military and naval system to see where economy can be effected, and this is my excuse for raising a subject which must be distasteful to many, owing to the general affection and esteem in which the marines are held. But what, Sir, was the original *raison d'être* for the Royal Marine?

Under the old conditions, when Her Majesty's ships were filled with the gaol population, pressed men ready to mutiny when chance offered and other undesirables, it was necessary to have a force on board ship that could be relied on to stand by the officers of the ship in the hour of trouble. Again, in those days when sails were the motive power, the working of the yards and sails, cutting away wreckage and repairing damage to rigging occupied a very great number of the deck hands whilst the ship was being fought. Further the Marines were a trained body of sharpshooters, the bluejacket of that day having but a casual acquaintance with small arms. The seamen were cutlass and pike-men, boarders, &c., not sharpshooters. In the old time, it took many a long day before troops could be sent out from home to operate in far countries where their services might be required, and it was more or less necessary to have a floating military force fairly handy that could be landed on emergency, and the naval officer had no training which enabled him to take charge of a landing party, such work being the pro-

vince of the marine officer. How are conditions altered?

The seamen of the present day are drawn from an entirely different class; the first need for the marine therefore disappears. Next—in a modern action, machine guns will take the place of the old sharpshooter and the marines would be employed at exactly the same work as the bluejacket; apart from this the seaman is as good with the rifle as the marine. Why then not use bluejackets entirely? Lastly: Troops can be quickly despatched nowadays to far distances overseas and for immediate purposes; bluejackets landed under their own officers are quite competent to do all the marines could in similar circumstances perform, for it must be remembered the latter could in no case be a large body of men to handle. The bluejacket is trained to undertake duty ashore, and the modern naval lieutenant is trained to take command of such a force.

Now supposing seamen were to take the place of marines on board ship, every ship could carry a greater complement of the former, and those vessels which now carry marine officers would then carry an additional number of lieutenants; and in the larger ships we shall certainly require an increase in the number of lieutenants carried to replace casualties, a purpose for which the marine officer is not available so far as deck duties are concerned. What are the duties of the marine officers in a battleship carrying a major or captain and two subalterns? Practically nil. It seems therefore that there is no need for the Royal Marines so far as the navy is concerned. But further, as no officer above the rank of major goes afloat, it seems not amiss to ask what use is made of the higher ranks which receive a corresponding higher salary. No opportunity is ever given them of handling large bodies of men in the field in peace-time, and fortunately in the circumstances their ability is put to no practical test, when we are at war, by placing them in the field. The salaries have to be paid, however, for the performance of duties which could be easily carried out by an officer of an inferior rank. This is not to mention the pension list, and yet if the marine force is to exist, the superior ranks have to be retained, or who would enter it?

I am moved to make these remarks by the general ignorance existing as to the duties of the marines and the neglect usually shown towards them by the powers that be. If, Sir, you can arouse some interest in this matter, I shall feel I have not trespassed on your courtesy altogether uselessly.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A NAVAL OFFICER.

[We hope later on to discuss the question our correspondent has very opportunely raised.—ED. S. R.]

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kensington, W., 27 December, 1900.

SIR,—To what extent Mr. George A. B. Dewar and Max have graduated in that school which alone qualifies them to pass anything like a final judgment on the tastes and views of the nursery at Christmas-time, I am not permitted to know. In last week's issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW both express more or less confident opinions on the subject. Mr. Dewar wonders whether as much trouble is taken as of yore in decorating the home with holly and mistletoe, whether the dressing and lighting up of the Tree is as important an affair in houses where there are little ones eager for such delights as it was in the old days. Max warns us of the danger of dogmatising as to the tastes of the little ones by reference to what we should have liked at their age. In both articles, either delightful in its respective way, there is the tacit assumption that children and homes have changed. All in good time perhaps the writers may be so far blessed—if neither is so already—as to learn that the children of to-day are very much what children ever were, that parents

at this season of the year are not the independent people they may claim to be but are the loyal lieges of the nursery tyrants, who have precedent in their favour in exacting tribute. If Santa Claus failed to find his way into the house, father and mother would be held to stern account, and if the Christmas Tree were not forthcoming parents would run serious risks of being held up to shame as unlike the parents of old time! Why, Sir, I am perfectly certain that the answer to Mr. Dewar was supplied in thousands of homes at the very time that his article was being read. It is a habit of ours to depreciate the present in favour of the past. The children of to-day will do the same in the time to come. The lady who in the sixties told the world through the SATURDAY that the girl of the period was not what her mother was, in the nineties assured the girl of that period that she was not what *her* mother (the girl of the previous period) was. And so it is with those who write and talk about children.

What have changed are the character and quantity of the amusements for the little folk at Christmas time. This is especially the case with children's books. At the beginning of the century which is now on the eve of closing, Blomfield declared that the longer he lived the more he was convinced of the importance of children's books. "I have never talked with the men and women of fifty years of age" he says "without hearing that what they read in their infancy was very inferior to the juvenile publications of later days." I wonder what Blomfield would say if he could take a glimpse at the juvenile literature of to-day. It is not necessary to agree with Coleridge's withering contempt for "the Barbauld crew"—"those blights and blasts of all that is human in man or child"—to recognise that nothing in the books given to children as recently as the middle of the century could compare with even some of the second-rate work of the present. Capital little stories without the obvious *Æsop* tag, admirably illustrated and tastefully printed and bound, are turned out in reckless profusion. Herein lies the danger and, if children themselves really were changing, an explanation of the difference. Mrs. Molesworth, who has herself published twenty or more popular children's books, some years ago pointed out that in the old days children really read stories; they had few at command, and came to know them by heart. The characters speedily grew to be real friends, who lived for the little reader as the fairies who peopled Mr. Dewar's wood lived for him. What chance has the precocious mite of the present of forming such abiding connexions with the world of fantasy—connexions which mean so much to the poetry of their lives? They hardly know one story before another comes their way, and Mr. Ruskin's ideal that the child should know "his fairy tale accurately and have perfect joy or awe in the conception of it, as if it were real" is unattainable. Happily the new fiction for the nursery does not drive out the classics belonging to the same apartment and publishers year by year faithfully reproduce the old favourites—favourites which come to us re-embodied and with new attractions from the artistic point of view.

I would, *Æsop*-like, point my moral in a concluding sense: the conditions of Christmas have changed in some respects, but the enthusiasm with which the season is hailed where there are children, is undiminished and undiminshable.—I am, Sir, yours very truly,

PATERFAMILIAS.

### THREE SURREY CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your reviewer is quite right and the author of the book is astonishingly wrong. The two statements to which he refers are certainly to be found in Tupper's amusing volume, but he did *not* invent either of them and *both* of them can be proved by documentary evidence to be found in the Record Office and British Museum, places which it is quite evident from his book and letter Mr. Palmer does not visit.

Yours very truly,  
ARCHIVIST.

## REVIEWS.

### MR. YEATS' NEW PLAY.

"The Shadowy Waters." By W. B. Yeats. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1900. 3s. 6d. net.

OF all the younger poets, Mr. Yeats is the only one who combines a continuously poetical substance with continuous excellence of poetical technique. Keltic, if you will, in the quality of his imagination, he has trained that imagination to obey him, as the Keltic imagination rarely obeys those who are for the most part possessed by it. Seeming to many to be the most spontaneous of writers, he is really the most painstaking, the most laboriously conscientious. He makes his visible pictures out of what has come to him invisibly, in dreams, in the energetic abandonment of meditation; but he rarely falls into the error of most mystical poets, who render their visions literally into that other language of ordinary life, instead of translating them freely, idiom for idiom. His verse, lyric and dramatic, has an ecstasy which is never allowed to pass into extravagance, into rhetoric, or into vagueness. Though he has doubtless lost some of the freshness, the fairy quality, of his early work, that freshness and that fairy quality have been replaced by an elaborately simple art, which becomes more and more accomplished, and, in the best sense, precise. The grace of youth is bound to fade out of poetry, as it fades out of faces; and all we can hope is that, as in life, the first grey hairs may bring with them some of the grey wisdom of experience, so, in art, time may strengthen what is strong and bring conscious mastery instead of the unconsciousness of early vigour. Mr. Yeats could not again become so simple, so joyous, so untouched by human things, as to write another such poem as "The Lake-Isle of Innisfree;" but he can write now with a deeper and more passionate sense of beauty, more gravely, with a more remote and yet essentially more human wisdom. And his verse, though he has come to play more learned variations upon its rhythms, has become more elaborately simple, more condensed, nearer in form to what is most like poetry in being most like prose. It is the mistake of most writers in verse to form for themselves a purely artificial kind of rhythm, in which it is impossible to speak straight. Open "Herod," for instance, at random, and read:

"Herod shall famous be o'er all the world,  
But he shall kill that thing which most he loves."

Now there, in a purely prosaic statement, are two inversions, which turn what might have been at all events the equivalent of good prose into what is only the parody of poetry. Take one of the most beautiful and imaginative passages out of "The Shadowy Waters," and read:

"The love of all under the light of the sun  
Is but brief longing, and deceiving hope,  
And bodily tenderness; but love is made  
Imperishable fire under the boughs  
Of chrysoberyl and beryl and chrysolite  
And chrysoprase and ruby and sardonyx."

Is there a word or a cadence in these lines which could not have been used equally well in prose, or in conversation; and yet, can it be denied that those lines are exquisite verse, moving finely to their own music? To get as far from prose, or from conversation as possible: that is the aim of most writers of verse. On the contrary, the finest verse is that verse which, in outward form, and vocal quality, is nearest to dignified prose or serious conversation. Turn to some passage in Shakespeare in which poetical subtlety seems to refine upon speech to its last possibility of expression; the words of Troilus, for instance, as he waits for Cressida in the orchard:

"I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.  
The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense: what will it be  
When that the watery palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice repured nectar? Death, I fear me,  
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,  
For the capacity of my ruder powers:



I fear it much ; and I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying."

In all Shakespeare there is not a passage fuller of the substance of poetry or finer in the technique of verse ; yet might not every word have been said in prose, word for word, cadence for cadence, with the mere emphasis of ordinary conversation ? Mr. Yeats, in his new play, more perhaps than in any of his former work, has realised, not only that verse must be as simple and straightforward as prose, but that every line must be packed with poetical substance, must be able to stand alone, as a fine line of verse, all the more because it challenges at once the standards of prose and of poetry. If it has so simple a thing to say as this—

"No, no, be silent,

For I am certain somebody is dead"—

it must say it with the same weight, the same gravity, as if it had to say :

"Her eyelids tremble and the white foam fades ;  
The stars would hurl their crowns among the foam  
Were they but lifted up."

It was the error of Browning, it is the error of many who have learnt of him everything but his genius, to realise only that verse must be like speech, without realising that it must be like dignified speech. Browning has written the most natural, the most vocal, verse of any modern poet ; but he has, only too often, chosen the speech of the clubs and of the streets, rather than the speech of those who, even in conversation, use words reverently.

We have often to complain, in reading poetical plays, that, so far as there is poetry and so far as there is drama, the poetry at the best is but an ornament to the drama, no structural part of it. Here, on the other hand, both grow together, like bones and flesh. And, while it has usually to be said that the characters of poetical drama speak too much, here condensation is carried as far as it can be carried without becoming mere baldness. Each thing said is a thing which had to be said, and it is said as if the words flowered up out of a deep and obscure soil, where they had been germinating for a long time in the darkness. The silences of the play are like the pauses in music ; we have the consciousness, under all the beauty and clearness and precision of the words we hear, of something unsaid, something which the soul broods over in silence. The people who speak seem to think or dream long before speaking and after speaking ; and though they have legendary names, and meet fantastically on a remoter sea than that which the Flying Dutchman sails over, they are human as a disembodied passion is human, before it has made a home or a prison for itself among circumstances and within time. Their words are all sighs, they come out of

"that sleep

That comes with love,"

and out of

"the dreams the drowsy gods

Breathe on the burnished mirror of the world

And then smooth out with ivory hands and sigh."

They are full of weariness and of ecstasy, remembering human things, and mortality, and that dreams are certainly immortal, and that perhaps there may be a love which is also immortal. They speak to one another, not out of the heart or out of the mind, but out of a deeper consciousness than either heart or mind, which is perhaps what we call the soul. There is wisdom in the play as well as beauty ; but indeed beauty is but half beauty when it is not the cloak of wisdom, and wisdom, if it is not beautiful, is but a dusty sign-post, pointing the way ungraciously.

#### A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

"The 'Times' History of the War in South Africa. 1899-1900." Vol. I. Edited by L. S. Amery. London : S. Low. 1900. 3 guineas the set.

THE object of this volume is to give "a full account of the relations between the Imperial Government and the Dutch Republics in South Africa, of the causes

that led up to the final crisis, and of the protracted negotiations which preceded the outbreak of the great South African War." Of the twelve chapters into which the volume is divided Mr. Amery is himself responsible for the first four chapters (roughly covering the period 1815 to 1890), for Chapter VII. which contains a narrative of the Jameson Raid, and for the last three chapters, severally entitled "The Bloemfontein Conference," "Afrikander Mediation," and "The Beginning of the End." Chapters V. and VI., which contain an account of the position of the Outlanders up to the Raid, "are, in the main, the work of Miss Flora Shaw." Chapter VIII., in which the narrative of the three years' controversy between the Imperial Government and the Pretoria Executive subsequent to the Raid is given, is from a contributor "who has preferred to remain anonymous." For Chapter IX., entitled "The Second Reform Movement in Johannesburg," Mr. Amery is "indebted to Mr. W. F. Monypenny, who was at the time in Johannesburg as editor of 'The Star,' and correspondent of 'The Times.'" It should be added that Mr. Amery also tells us, that he is "largely indebted to Mr. J. G. Fraser of Bloemfontein, by whose kindness he was enabled to study the minutes of the secret conferences held in 1887," for his account of the relations between President Kruger and the Free State contained in Chapter IV. ; and that for the final period—the Bloemfontein Conference and the subsequent negotiations—he has availed himself of the material supplied by the Blue Books, "and of the many letters and telegrams that passed between Cape Town, Bloemfontein, and Pretoria during the summer of 1899, many of which have not hitherto been published, and of which he has been enabled to make use." Thus, with some lesser acknowledgments, Mr. Amery sketches in the preface the genesis of the volume.

The character of the work is in the main such as we should expect from this account. It is a collection of materials drawn from sources of unequal authority, and arranged by writers of whom it may be said without disrespect, that their names do not afford any definite promise of extraordinary literary capacity. These materials are often in themselves full and reliable—in particular those which are embodied in the last three chapters—but their significance is not always completely understood or adequately set out ; since neither Mr. Amery, nor any one of his associates, seems to possess that complete knowledge of the subject which is necessary to guide him (or her) to a due perception of the relationship of each separate event to the history and conditions of South Africa as a whole. One or two instances must suffice. In his account of the Slagter's Nek rebellion Mr. Amery writes : "In 1815 a number of farmers in the Somerset and Tarkastad districts rose in rebellion under one Hans Bezuidenhout. Bezuidenhout's brother, a notoriously turbulent character, had been shot in resisting his apprehension by a detachment of soldiers, on a charge of having maltreated a Hottentot servant." Each of these sentences contains a characteristic mistake. It is not enough to say that Frederick Bezuidenhout had been shot by "a detachment of soldiers," because the infamy of the proceeding (as it seemed to the Boer mind) consisted in the fact that the "soldiers" were themselves members of the despised Hottentot race—being in fact taken from the Hottentot regiment which was then employed by the British Government. Nor can Hans Bezuidenhout be correctly described as the leader of the rebellion. The rebellion as it was originally planned (and as it is subsequently described by Mr. Amery) was headed by Hendrik Prinsloo ; it was the abortive rising of some sixty burghers, which took place after the arrest of Prinsloo and the failure of the negotiations with Gaika, in which Hans Bezuidenhout played his desperate part.

Again, Mr. Amery's want of knowledge—for we cannot assume him guilty of wilful misrepresentation—makes him give a description of Dr. Philip which is ludicrously inadequate. Writing of the Kafir invasion of 1834, and of Lord Glenelg's notorious despatch, he tells us that the new Colonial Secretary was "completely under the influence of the friends of a missionary called Philip, a mischievous and unscrupulous person,

who had been living among the Kafirs, continually stirring them up against the colonists. . . . Philip's influence was undoubtedly mischievous on this and on other occasions; but any condemnation of his actions should at least have been qualified by a recognition of the real services which he performed; nor should it have been expressed in terms which convey an impression of his character and position which is absolutely false. As a matter of fact the person who is thus introduced to the reader as a sort of renegade white was appointed Superintendent of Missions in 1818. He took an honourable part with Fairbairn and Pringle in 1824 in the struggle for the freedom of the Press and for administrative reform at the Cape—a struggle which resulted in the recall of Lord Charles Somerset—and in 1828 the publication of his book "Researches in South Africa," in which he described the condition of the Hottentots, was the immediate cause of the action of the Home Government which led to the promulgation of the famous "Ordinance 50," by means of which the free coloured population of the colony was made equal to the Europeans in the eyes of the law. And on this very occasion Dr. Philip was commissioned by Sir Benjamin D'Urban to visit the Kafir chiefs and ascertain their intentions. Neither the influence of Dr. Philip, nor the influence of missionary effort in general in South Africa, can be estimated by reference to any single event or group of events. In each case the whole circumstances must be known, and the broad results must be ascertained, before a verdict can be recorded.

Such instances of half knowledge are not confined to the opening chapters; they appear, though more rarely, in the narrative of recent events. But these errors are insignificant in comparison with Mr. Amery's extraordinary neglect to draw the attention of his reader to the governorships of Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere. Both Grey and Frere formulated a policy in which the relationship of the Imperial Government to the Boers was considered from the point of view of the general interests of South Africa as a whole. Both of these great proconsuls told the Home Government in effect, that in dealing alike with the natives and with the Boers they must not try to save themselves trouble, or merely to give satisfaction to the one or other, but that they must aim at securing the welfare of South Africa as a whole. Now this is the only principle upon which the policy of the Paramount Power can be based, if it is to be successful; and for that reason neither the opinions nor the experiences of Grey and Frere can be overlooked by any writer who desires to make his readers understand how it was that South Africa was allowed to drift into a condition which could only be remedied at the cost of the present war. Of all the many things which the public ought to learn as a preparation for the study of the great South African War, this surely is the most essential:—that two great proconsuls gave sound advice, and that their advice was neglected and they themselves treated with injustice, and that it is for the neglect of their advice that we are now paying. If Grey's policy had been followed in 1858, England would have been spared the necessity for the Zulu War, and the northward expansion of the Europeans would have been accomplished without embittering conflicts with the Republics; if Frere had been backed in 1879 as Milner has been backed in 1899, there would have been no Majuba, no Krugerism, no Afrikaner conspiracy, no Jameson Raid and no war to-day.

When the opinions of these men, fully recorded in their official correspondence, and the treatment which they received from their official superiors, hold such lessons as these, it is surely little less than astounding that Mr. Amery's narrative should contain nothing more about them than two brief passing allusions. For an Empire like ours there can be no security unless matters of Imperial concern are placed outside the sphere of party politics; or, what is the same thing, unless democracy can learn to trust its servants and to treat them with respect. This principle was never so necessary as it is to-day; nor can it ever be taught more emphatically than by reference to the conspicuous examples of its truth afforded by the history of British administration in South Africa.

The reader will scarcely learn this lesson from the pages of Mr. Amery's bulky volume:

#### AN ARTIST AT POMPEI.

"Pompei: the City, its Life and Art." By Pierre Gusman. Translated by Florence Simmonds and M. Jourdain. London: Heinemann. 1900. 36s. net.

THE many-sided interest of Pompei (for so the translators spell the name, following the French and Italian rather than the approved English usage) is illustrated by the variety of literature to which the ancient city gives rise. The work of Professor Mau, which was reviewed in these columns a few months since, was the work of a sober student, diligently seeking to reconstruct the town's history for centuries before the final catastrophe. The work of M. Pierre Gusman is substantially a reproduction of an artist's sketch book. Pencil in hand he wanders through the ruins, and the endless rooms of the Naples Museum, and notes down whatever strikes his fancy as curious or interesting. Finally the subjects are collected from the sketch book and grouped more logically, and provided with a slight but not altogether inadequate commentary.

Such a book has certain defects, incidental to the manner of its birth. The scholarship of the author (or, it may be, of his translators) is often at fault. Words are wrongly spelt, impossible translations are sometimes offered, mythological names are confused, the inscriptions as transcribed do not always agree with the drawings, and the elementary rules of Latin grammar are disregarded. It should be added that the grossness of some of the inscriptions quoted is insufficiently veiled by the obscurity of a learned language, and that throughout an unnecessary stress is laid upon a particular side of ancient life.

But notwithstanding these reservations, it is pleasant to wander through the town under M. Gusman's guidance. The reader is introduced to the subject, much as a traveller might be, who visits the spot. He first makes acquaintance with the larger aspects of nature, with the pleasant sweep of the sunny bay, the gentle climate, and the overshadowing presence of the mountain. He learns the ancient reputation of the district, as a pleasurable retreat from the confusion of imperial Rome. It is true that the earthquake of 63 A.D. had rudely disturbed the placid enjoyment of the neighbourhood. Towns and isolated country villas alike suffered serious damage, and many of the inhabitants, so Seneca tells us, lost their reason from the stress of their terror. Sixteen years later, while the injuries of the earthquake were still but half repaired, came the great eruption. The same happy chance that preserved Pompei to the world also ordained that a philosopher should lose his life in the eruption, and that his nephew, also a man of letters, should survive him to describe the manner of his death. The detailed and vivid letter of the younger Pliny forms an impressive introduction to the city itself.

The author's pencil is naturally prompted in the first instance by the weird forms of human and animal life, in the little museum of Pompei. The men and women and the watchdog, all in the various attitudes that they assumed in the last struggle for life, are mere effigies of plaster poured into the cavities that the original bodies had formed in the flowing streams of liquid mud, but they faithfully preserve the gestures, the clothing, even the emotions of the victims.

Thus introduced to the historical and human aspects of Pompei, the visitor must begin by tracing its bounds, noting meanwhile that at present, after nearly a hundred and fifty years of more or less irregular and intermittent work, only about half the area within the city walls has been excavated. After a circuit of the gates, in which each is sketched and studied in turn, it is easy to visit the tombs that line the way outside. Then, returning with his guide to the town, the traveller must visit each class of buildings in turn—the temples, with such traces of their respective cults as yet remain,



the public buildings and theatres, the streets and private houses.

Different guides to a place may be equally competent, and yet lay stress on different things. M. Gusman evidently likes best to employ his pencil on the minor accessories of life—the theatre tickets, the tools, the lovers' scribbings on the walls, and the like—which are preserved so abundantly at Pompei, and so sparsely elsewhere. From the collections of such things at Naples and Pompei the editors of dictionaries of classical antiquities draw an unfailing supply of illustrations of ancient life. Here, where they are collected together, their effect is cumulative, in bringing the daily aspect of the town before the modern readers.

Apart from the intrinsic beauty of the decorative forms employed, the fact which most strikes a modern eye, examining a collection of sketches of minor objects from Pompei, is the extraordinary homogeneity of style in the system of decoration. In a modern house or shop, most things profess to have received decoration of some sort. If the decoration is simple, consisting perhaps in nothing more than the choice of an appropriate (or very likely, an inappropriate) outline for the form, it may be overlooked. On the other hand if the decorator's efforts have produced something complex and elaborate, the result leaps to the eyes, and the shopman calls the product "artistic." But whether the results be good or bad, the striking fact is the diversity of the sources from which the elements are drawn. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Renaissance Italy, ancient Ireland, India, China, and Japan may all have impressed their marks upon the contents of one poor shop. As compared with such a medley a corresponding collection of Pompeian objects presents a refreshing unity of style. Here too various sources can be traced. There are occasional suggestions of Egypt, and still fainter echoes of Assyria. But whatever their origin, the elements of decoration have been blended into an homogeneous style, universally prevailing. It is impossible to return to such a simple state. The world has grown too old and too wide. It is something, however, to recognise the quiet dignity which is imposed even on a collection of common household objects, if they conform to a single system of decorative art.

M. Gusman's sketches well bring out the extreme interest of the Pompeian system of wall painting. In particular the reproductions of his water-colour drawings, which are brilliant examples of what can now be done in colour printing from metal blocks, are successful in conveying the general aspect of the originals. More elaborate renderings have often been attempted but these, though they may be more minute in their details, are apt to miss the total impression. In the classification of the extant paintings by their periods, and corresponding characteristics, the author has followed the system of Mau, and could indeed have hardly done otherwise, but the eye of an artist has enabled him to contribute some interesting remarks on the several schools. It has been curious to note, in late years, a growing consciousness of the very high decorative and pictorial quality of the wall paintings. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the discovery of new examples, such as those in the house of the Vettii. Partly it is a symptom of the recent reaction against the view that the art of Imperial Rome is merely the decadent art of Greece. But especially it is realised how admirably these fantastic creations of the Pompeian artists, their impossible pieces of architecture, and impressionist landscapes, suit the decorative purposes for which they were designed. To Vitruvius we know that such decorations were hateful, and he tells with warm approval how a mathematician confounded a scene-painter, whose fancy had run riot in such architectural dreams, as we find painted on the walls of Pompei. But, with all respect to the ancient critics, whose judgments are, for the most part, admirably sound, it must be advanced that in this case the engineer and the mathematician were a trifle pedantic in their objections. These aerial palaces are simply decorations to cover a given surface. That reeds should be supporting architraves, and figures growing out of tendrils, need not trouble us greatly, if no structural function is thereby compromised.

#### AFTER THE ARMADA.

"The Successors of Drake." By Julian S. Corbett. London: Longmans. 1900. 21s.

IN his previous work "Drake and the Tudor Navy," Mr. Corbett brought the narrative of England's rise as a maritime power up to the death of that great sea-commander. The present volume details the further fleet operations to the end of Elizabeth's reign, and if not dealing with such exciting events is no less interesting as indicating the influence which the defeat of the Armada had upon England's naval policy at this time. Certainly the confidence and knowledge acquired from this evidence of supremacy at sea were not rightly applied in the counter-strokes we made against Spain in the succeeding years, but the experience gained in mobilising a fleet enabled us to collect a force which would doubtless have foiled Philip again in his later attempts, had not the elements done the work for us. The death of Drake was a great misfortune for England. He alone at this period had divined the correct principle of naval strategy, to carry the war to the enemy's coast after gauging the value of his fleet. He saw the right point of attack, and after the defeat of the Armada his influence prevailed to the extent that an expedition was sent to the Spanish Coast instead of operating against commerce and the West Indies as the Queen desired.

Portugal had been annexed by Philip II. of Spain in 1580 and its resources freely used by him in his expedition to our shores in 1588. These were very great. Portugal held then a great record on the sea. Hemmed in by a more powerful State on land, but possessing a long coast-line and good harbours, she had a number of excellent seamen, and for a hundred years had been exploring the eastern hemisphere. Lisbon, the capital and principal maritime port, has a magnificent position, and Drake saw that its capture would strike a tremendous blow at the power of Spain. Nor should this prove an impossible task, for he counted upon some assistance—or at least no active opposition—from a large section of the inhabitants who mourned the loss of independence. Elizabeth had consented to an expedition for this purpose, but, never rightly understanding that minor operations might imperil the principal mission of such force, her instructions precluded it from going straight to Lisbon. To some extent for this reason, but mainly because the army disembarked too far from the town and received no reinforcement from the inhabitants, the expedition was a failure. Though it led to Drake's temporary disgrace at home the fault was not his, but lay with the General, and is one of the many instances in which a dual command proved fatal to success. Had Drake lived, the attack on Lisbon would probably have been repeated; but the influence of soldiers upon Elizabeth now became supreme, and in 1596 it was decided to send an expedition to Cadiz—whose fortunes Mr. Corbett describes admirably in this continuation to his previous work.

It is specially interesting from the light thrown on the character of Essex, and the position Raleigh for some reason has taken with us as a naval commander. Essex seems to have fascinated friends and enemies alike, while his energy made up for defects of youth and inexperience. Though appointed Lord General he was quite ready to acquire information from older soldiers, and take advice. In the absence of Drake the Queen had given command of the fleet to her old High Admiral Howard. His attitude during this campaign shows his inferiority as a leader to Drake, and Essex practically controlled the operations.

Raleigh was Rear-Admiral of the Fleet and this seems to have been his first sea appointment of importance. According to Mr. Corbett, who traces his career, he has little claim to rank among the prominent sea officers of that time. His naval experience compared with that of such men as Hawkins, Frobisher and Fenner was slight. When the Armada was making its way up Channel he was serving on shore, but he yearned after the sea, and his influence with the Queen, backed by speech as persuasive as his pen, put him into a position to which his services did not entitle him and in which he did not indicate any special talent. Though

we had not yet arrived at that distinct organisation of the fleet into three squadrons of the red, white and blue, which, beginning about thirty years later, lasted until comparatively recently in the different grades of Admiral, there was the subdivision into four squadrons first effected during the fight with the Armada. Each had its Admiral and Vice-Admiral though the latter might be only a captain. It was an office not a rank. For instance Raleigh, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet and in command of the fourth squadron, had Captain Robert Crosse for Vice-Admiral. Each squadron had its own convoy of victuallers and transports and thus could be detached from the main body if desired.

As far as can be determined the squadrons sailed in line, that is one behind the other in groups, not in line of single ships as afterwards became the custom, partly owing to the advantage of keeping every broadside clear, and somewhat no doubt to the ease with which experience demonstrated that a fireship could be avoided by ships in line. They opened out, a gap was formed, and the once dreaded weapon passed harmlessly through. On arrival at Cadiz the fault perpetrated at Lisbon of effecting a landing too far off was not repeated. The fleet entered the harbour and the army disembarked inside. After an ineffectual resistance our forces occupied the place. Could such occupation have been permanent—as in the case of Gibraltar over one hundred years later—a real blow would have been struck at Spain, but circumstances made this impossible. After a few days the expedition re-embarked and returned to England.

Looking back now we see how right Drake was in putting Lisbon as the objective, for what Essex accomplished at Cadiz did not materially weaken Philip's maritime power. He had profited by the lesson of 1588 and materially increased his navy. To encourage shipbuilding he gave a bounty of four ducats a ton for every vessel above 300 tons and six ducats over 600 tons. By such means he assembled another fleet more formidable than the last, and only his insisting on its sailing at too late a season saved us from another attack which might not have been so easily frustrated. A gale at the beginning of its cruise effected the same destruction as the elements produced on the disorganised remnants of the Armada. Nor was this the last attempt, for in 1599 England again had to mobilise her fleet to meet another threatened attempt on the part of the now dying monarch. Nothing but the interposition of the Dutch led to the Spanish force being diverted from its original destination. The failure of our maritime expeditions at this period to break the sea power of Spain, afterwards shattered by the Dutch, Mr. Corbett ascribes mainly to the want of an efficient army to support the fleet. The limitation of sea power resting on naval force alone he considers the lesson taught by the history of this period. He doubts whether we have yet learnt it. That is very likely true, though from that time up to now an efficient land force has always proved essential to complete the work of naval supremacy. Recent operations in South Africa and China are but additions to a long list of wars demonstrating that the principal mission of a British army is to fight abroad; not to meet a most improbable invasion at home. Failure to recognise this accounts for some of the defects which our military system exhibited in the Crimean and later expeditions, while others may be traced to inadequate training. The evil effect of a dual command had much to answer for the failure of Drake and Norreys' attempt on Lisbon, for it frustrated several well-devised schemes in later years.

Though Mr. Corbett says "We speak glibly of 'sea power' and forget that its true value lies in its influence on the operations of armies" we must also remember that at the present time it has a function of even greater importance, that of securing the food supply of these islands. In former wars interruption of commerce impoverished merchants and deprived the wealthy of luxuries. To-day it would chiefly affect the masses and cause widespread privation. Sea and land power combined built up the Empire, but the most powerful army in the world would not save us from a disaster greater than ever befell Philip II., if at any

future time we should have to contend with such a maritime coalition as in the past so severely tried the resources of this country, and should attempt the task with doubtful naval supremacy.

## A HISTORY OF MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE.

"Die deutsche Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts." Von Richard M. Meyer. Berlin: Georg Bondi. 1900.

"Mehr Goethe." Von Rudolf Huch. Leipzig: Meyer. Ende 1899.

"Goethe." Von Richard M. Meyer. Berlin: E. Hofmann.

NEARLY a thousand pages of large octavo, handsomely got up, treating of nearly 800 writers. Among the 800 the cultivated English reader, who is not a specialist in literary history, is more or less familiar with four great poets: Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Uhland. A more select circle may add a dozen more names, or even a score: among them Theodor Körner, Freiligrath, Chamisso, Scheffel, Freytag, Ebers, Hoffmann. Then from among the philosophers proper, Hegel, rather scantily treated in this bulky book, Schopenhauer, sufficiently familiar, and Nietzsche who has recently become known, the scientist Haeckel, the historians Niebuhr, Ranke, Mommsen, Moltke, Treitschke. Of the vast remainder a good many more names are here introduced, and some may perhaps be retained by the general reader who is only a lover of literature. Still, a very large proportion, say 500 out of the 800, will not occupy any space in that reader's memory; they will scarcely, even in their own country, have any fame more enduring than the decade in which they made their appearance. Meanwhile the book before us which contains amplest proof of great industry, will serve as a storehouse containing both gold and dross, and as a useful book of reference.

There was no lack of German histories of German literature. There is at least one such English book the competence of whose author may be fathomed by the fact that, in speaking of Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," he translates the word *überraheinisch* by "from the upper Rhine," which is about equal to confounding a chairman with a charwoman. Of the German authors in this field we may name in the first rank Gervinus, then Wilhelm Scherer. Both, however, stop at Goethe's death. Such also was the case with pious Vilmar's book, very popular in England thirty years ago, and adapted for the English reader by F. Metcalfe, and with Koberstein. Still nearer to our days are we brought by Julian Schmidt who reaches to 1868. His performance is of a peculiar character in that, largely resting on letters and other biographical matter, it sometimes pleases, sometimes irritates by almost dissolving the subject into so many accounts of the personal lives of the writers. Finally Gottschall wrote the literary history of the first half of the present century. And now the whole century is given to us in the present work. It is hardly necessary to insist on the utter artificiality of this reckoning by centuries. But the habit is there, and we have an enterprising publishing firm which has resolved to place before us, in about a dozen solid volumes, "the Nineteenth Century in the Development of Germany." On the first of these we reported in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 1 July, 1899: "Currents of Thought and Social Life" by Th. Ziegler, Rector of Strasburg University. For the present work the firm is to be congratulated on having secured Dr. —now Professor—Richard Meyer in Berlin, already favourably known for a substantial Life of Goethe (1895).

But in distributing his matter, he has, it appears to us, intensified the evil of reckoning by centuries; he brings up his army in battalions which are decades. It is evident that the overlapping must be tenfold, too; and the characterisation of each decade hazardous. Let us follow, however, the author, *tant bien que mal*. The



century opens with Goethe, "nel mezzo del cammin di sua vita" (1749-1832), and with the closing years of Schiller's life; beside them, the Romantic School and the brothers Grimm press forward. The second decade reached about 1812 a great elevation of poetic sentiment, and sank before its end into melancholy depression. The third is one of literary as of political languor, interrupted however by the appearance of Goethe's "Helena," "the most precious statue that ever left Goethe's studio," says Heine. A fresh life enters with the echoes of the French Revolution of 1830; Heine, Boerne, Young Germany created the stir of a new life, similar to that which was marked in the epoch of "Storm and Stress" by young Goethe, his "Goetz" and his "Werther." The period of 1840 to 1850, still ascending saw the political Lyriism, of which Herwegh and Freiligrath were the chief champions, and the earnest, however mistaken, attempts at a reconstitution of the national life—saw also defeat succeeding revolutionary endeavour. The next decade was again one of depression and discouragement, in which people sick at heart found a desperate comfort in clothing their misery in philosophical systems: Schopenhauer's pessimism came in time to relieve Hegel. In the next two decades, 1860 to 1880, the political movement recovered, and whilst it was accompanied and gently encouraged by the Epigones of the Classic period, Geibel, Heyse, Freytag, literature turned into new paths under the banners of realism and naturalism. Haeckel and many others followed on the traces of Darwin, the theme of heredity began to be gravely treated, under Ibsen's influence, whilst on another field Wagner asserted himself. The decade of 1880 to 1890 continued and intensified these movements; our author thinks it may be called a period of nervousity; important new writers arise, Hauptmann, Sudermann, grave problems are approached; Wagner is victorious all along the line. The influence of women in literature increased and is increasing. The concluding decade appears to our author as one of concentration. But impressionism and symbolism were added to other currents. The *joie de vivre* asserted itself. Nietzsche relieved Schopenhauer. The tendency for which the name *die Moderne* had been invented began to meet with more opposition. And if Dr. Meyer says that Geibel and his friends erred by showing the reader only a selection of what was beautiful in the world, he might have added that a more recent school seem to delight in painting the Repulsive only. A new eclecticism, however, is now perceptible, and "the woman who did" does not hold the stage exclusively.

We have little space for detail. Let us say, however, that Richard Meyer is especially attractive when he enters on the full characterisation of some leading personage, such as Gottfried Keller, Grillparzer, Fontane. Here sympathy leads him a pleasant way, on which he lingers. At other times personal sympathy seems somewhat to cloud his judgment, e.g. as to Helene von Böhlau, whom another recent author, Rudolph Huch, in "Mehr Goethe" treats with a severity which many will approve. Our author has his antipathies too. He objects to Carl Bleibtreu, who has partly to thank his pronounced self-assertion for the short shrift he receives. In other cases, such as that of the poet Gottfried Kinkel, still personally remembered by many in London where he lived for long years, he does but scant justice. Many others "von den Neuesten," like the young baccalaureus in Goethe's second "Faust," he treats, as he approaches our present days, with more importance than they deserve. In some cases silence would be justified, or a three-line epitaph like that he gives to Werner would be amply sufficient: that writer lived at the beginning of the century and Carlyle thought it then incumbent to devote fifty-two closely printed pages to him ("Essays," vol. i.). Others again have their claims overlooked, like Eduard Engel, Joseph Löwenberg, Bulthaupt. Hermann Friedrichs, too, with his four volumes of lyrics and drama might have been mentioned. Two recent writers whose native speech is English are noteworthy: John Henry Mackay of Greenock deserved a more friendly notice, and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, whose book on the "Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts" we noticed in the SATURDAY REVIEW of May 6, 1899, is not

mentioned at all, though he has rapidly risen into the higher ranks of German literature.

#### A LEGAL LEVIATHAN.

"The English Reports." Edited by A. Wood Renton. Volume I. Edinburgh: Green; London: Stevens and Sons, Limited. 1901. 21s.

THIS is the first volume of a series which has been looked forward to by the legal profession with considerable interest, and has given rise to a good deal of speculation as to its probable success. It is not strange that some doubt should have been expressed, as the undertaking is perhaps the biggest thing of the kind that has ever been attempted. Messrs. Green and Sons as the publishers of the Encyclopædia of Scots Law and Messrs. Sweet and Maxwell as the publishers of the Encyclopædia of English Law had ventured boldly on great undertakings: but so far as concerns size none can hope to do anything greater than this present proposed series of Reports in 150 volumes of all the standard reports in the English Courts prior to 1866, when the present series of the Incorporated Council of Law Reporting known as the Law Reports began. From this volume we may gather what the whole number of 150 volumes will be like when twelve years from now, calculating with the ordinary sanguine expectations of the projector of book series, the whole publication will be complete. The purchaser will obtain 150 volumes, each of about 1,600 pages; and as there are some 1,080 words on each page, the printed matter consists of nearly two hundred and sixty millions of words! Except the Statutes or Hansard we doubt whether the libraries of the Inns of Court has any publication that made anything like this appalling quantity of printed matter. An estimate may be formed by the intending subscriber of the amount of library space he will need, by accepting the estimate of the publisher that the eleven volumes forming the section devoted to the reproduction of all the House of Lords cases from 1677 will occupy a space of 2 feet 2 inches; so that the whole series would take up a shelf space of about 30 feet, and be therefore less than that of the "Law Reports" up to date. This seems a very considerable encroachment on the shelf room of an ordinary private law library; but then if all the reports to be reproduced were brought together in the various forms in which they now exist the room required would be nearly five times that of the reprint, and they would look besides a very miscellaneous lot. But even more important to the lawyer, who wants to be able to lay his hands on any reports in any of the old reporters, is the fact that it is almost impossible to meet in the market with such a set; and if it were found, it would be worth over one thousand pounds.

Fortunately for the prospects of the undertaking the series once completed will not need to be done again, unlike text books. The convenience of possessing such a series is enormous. At any moment in the practising lawyer's life he may either have to refer directly to the old reports, or he may indirectly through a more modern report be referred to that source, and be anxious to weigh the exact meaning of a passage and its context. All the necessary apparatus is supplied by Mr. Wood Renton, the editor, for enabling the reader to know exactly the pages and paragraphs of the original from which the pages of the reports are taken, so that the practitioner may use any volume in Court; and for enabling him to refer to modern reports where the old cases have had an effect on modern cases, or have been modified or distinguished in their applications to recent decisions. We have referred to many merely mechanical details because the value of the reproduction depends on the kinds of facts we have pointed out, and the sole object of the book is to give the reports exactly as they stand. We can only add that the printing, paper, and general appearance of the volumes are perfectly satisfactory, and saying this we say all that is to be said by way of enabling the reader to appreciate this latest venture in the law publishers' world.

## WAS POE A POET?

"The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe." Illustrated and Decorated by W. Heath Robinson, with an Introduction by H. Noel Williams. London: Bell. 1900. 6s.

"Saintly Lives: Alfred Tennyson." By Robert F. Horton. London: Dent. New York: Dutton. 4s. 6d. net.

OF all the red herrings that can be drawn across the scent of the critical hound in pursuit of an artist to be mangled or gently led to a high place of exceeding great glory (by the critical hound's side, of course), commend us to the question of the quarry's personal character. When the quarry is a man who has died young he especially suffers. Instead of being immediately placed by the critic's side—the critic is generally styled his "discoverer": there is quite a trade in discoveries nowadays—on the strength of the work he has actually achieved, his most private, intimate, sacred doings become the subject of the critical quest, and for a century or centuries his work may be neglected by an indifferent world while gentlemen in dressing-gowns, with pens in their hands, spend their mornings agreeably in deciding whether or not on a certain occasion he drank a little too much wine, or pretended that a borrowed piece of work was his own or that a piece of his own work had come down out of ancient days in a box in a churchtower, or whether he always used the most polite of language to his wife. Shelley, Byron, Chatterton, Mozart, all of whom died young, all have suffered in this way; Carlyle, who died old, also suffered in this way. Again, all things considered, Edgar Allan Poe must be admitted to have suffered in this way. Immediately after his death (as all the world knows) a stupid scribe, whose very name ought immediately to be forgotten, tried to create a sensation by making a vicious, cruel, dastardly attack on the memory of the man whom he had called his friend; and ever since, instead of going straight to Poe's work and deciding it to be great or not great, good or not good, biographers, critics, and gossips have tried industriously to prove that Poe himself was or was not a moral man, living according to the moral rules laid down by the moral theorists of his time, but observed neither by them nor anyone else. As if the record of his personal habits ought nowadays in the smallest degree to influence our judgment on his work! It may be admitted that if the preacher tumbles, drunk, out of his pulpit, he has degraded his calling and taken away from the possible effect of his doctrine; it may even be that we are justified in feeling a certain amount of resentment against the poet, painter or musician who brings his profession into the general contempt of mankind by living on a level nearer to the level of the beast than the level on which the generality of mankind lives. But a drunken preacher may have conceivably—we cannot assert that he ever has—spoken divine sentences; and in the case of artists the painful fact may remain with brutal distinctness that though their works are fine, their lives were not. Must we therefore refuse the joy of knowing their works and having them perpetually by us? Chatterton lied—is Chatterton's verse the less beautiful? Byron lied and did a thousand other things which we all agree other people should not do—are we never again to glance at "Childe Harold"? Are we throughout the coming ages to accept every line of Tennyson, even his worst lines, as almost divinely inspired, because he led, to use the title of the latest book about him, "A Saintly Life"?

It is perhaps in the case of Poe that the moral controversy may be seen working its worst. Since he died half a century ago everyone interested in the man has more or less busily engaged in forming and delivering opinions as to the truth of Griswold's charges against the man. It has always been assumed that, if their truth could be established, Poe's stories of verse must promptly be dropped by all respectable readers, and that if, on the other hand, their falsity could be proved, the poet and story-teller must at once be raised to the plane of the high gods. On the whole, we say, he has suffered by this. Had it never been asked whether he treated his wife unkindly or whether he died an inebri-

ate's death, a great many people would, we may guess, have thought highly of his work; but again, there are many people who have stood as defenders of his memory and who, we think, might not think so highly of his work had not their full attention been distracted from it by the dispute as to his personal habits. A new edition of his poems gives us a needed opportunity of suggesting that the personal question be for ever put away, answered or unanswered, and of offering an estimate of his poetry. We may remark that we have never come across an edition of any poet less sympathetically edited. Mr. H. Noel Williams may know much, or all, or, like a more famous editor, more than all about Poe; but he has certainly refrained very carefully from abusing, or even using, his knowledge; and his criticism of Poe's verse is, as criticism or anything else, fatuous to a degree that places it far beneath contempt. Why on earth do unknown gentlemen insist on "introducing" very well known personages to the public?

After reviving old memories by reading through this book of verses we are inclined to ask, after all, Was Poe a poet? Was he a poet in the sense that Mozart was a musician, Raphael a painter, the late Mr. Peace a burglar? He did not pretend to write long poems; he said indeed that no one could write long poems—that a long poem was a contradiction in terms; but did he, within the limited number of lines that constituted according to his own conception a poem, achieve a complete bit of poetic work? Our opinion is that he never did. Whether his sets of verses were one hundred and eight lines long or only eight, there is always to be found in some place a mournful fall from the poetic to the merely prosaic, not to say journalistic, level. When a man who has worked at an art happens to write or talk about that art he generally says something interesting; but in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the interesting things are about himself and not about his art. Or rather, they are more interesting when regarded as self-revelations than when regarded as pieces of serious artistic criticism. Only the very greatest men—Mozart, Turgenev, Wordsworth, Wagner, as examples—have left us utterances that cut to the very core of things; the dicta of the smaller men chiefly engross because they tell us something of the smaller men. So when Poe, in his lecture on the "Poetic Principle," declares that a poem which requires more than half an hour to read fails of its purposes, because no one can remain in the right mood for more than half an hour, he declares a thing that is absolutely untrue, in the first place, of the majority of people who are capable of understanding and loving poetry; he shows also that he had thought incompletely round his subject and knew nothing of architectonics; and, in a word, he tells us that the moods of one Edgar Allan Poe were exceedingly shortlived and hints to anyone who knows anything of the conditions under which great art-work is achieved that one Edgar Allan Poe could never possibly have achieved any great art-work. When he says it is impossible to read through "Paradise Lost" at a sitting, we agree; when he says that after half an hour's reading in it one's mood changes and the effect of unity—essential of course to any work of art—is lost, we disagree; when he says that because of the inevitable incessant changes of one's moods no poem that cannot be read at a sitting can possibly make a true poetic effect, we see that he never realised the enormous cumulative effect that is produced through the working of the memory. It would be scarcely less ridiculous to tell an architect of the uselessness of designing a building which could not be seen from every point of view at one glance. In the seeing or hearing of every work of art—be it poetry, painting, music, architecture or sculpture—memory counts; the artist who creates the big works of art counts on it, uses it, trusts to the impression made by one portion being stored in the brain and added to the effects made by the other portions. But this is a question that need not be argued at length. Poe's statement is only valuable as a confession of Poe's weakness. His moods were brief, his faculty of sustained thought was weak, and it was only by working in short snatches, with continual failures of his moods, that he achieved



so much as he did. His stories, his essays, it is not our purpose to discuss here, though in each of them the characteristic breaks in continuity of emotion and thought may be found. These breaks are found in an even more startling form in every one of the poems. After lines of divine loveliness come lines that might appear in a police report in the "Daily Mail." In "The Raven" and "The Bells" these gaps shiver the reader's mood; and even in "Lenore" there is one fatal chasm. Everlastingly the sense and the music alike fail; one feels keenly that the thing is not a grown thing but is a thing merely pieced together. Poe's explanation of how he came to write "The Raven" has often raised a smile; and in fact it does bear upon it the stamp of utter untruth. Yet one cannot but recognise that if it is not a true account of the matter, the true account would reveal even less of the genuine poet in Poe.

Or rather, one ought to say, less of the great and finished artist. The man who wrote

"Come! let the burial-rite be read—the funeral song be sung!"

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young"

was undoubtedly a poet—a small poet, perhaps, a poet of exquisite snatches. But the man who added

"A dirge for her, the doubly dead in that she died so young,"

was certainly not a great master of his art. It is a magnificent effect just *manqué*, one of Poe's favourite effects of repeated words and phrases, rhymed cadences, the cadence just sufficiently altered to make it a rhyme and not a bare repetition. By this method he often achieved wonderful results; but it became with him a formula and was often used without the guiding inspiration, the certainty of feeling, of the perfect artist. When the best and the worst have been said of his verse, he remains a small poet—a small poet amongst small poets—by reason not only of his constant collapses and failures, but also because of the narrowness of his range, of his limited musical gamut—he uses the same cadences and harmonies a thousand times—and of the lowness of his flight. He is never for a moment sublime, his verse knows no majesty of content, nor of movement, nor of harmony; it is a continual plaint and a prating of nightmare horrors. He had a sense of the infinite ocean of life that swirls around us; the sound of the breaking of its roaring billows was doubtless forever in his ears. But he could not see nor hear it as Shelley did, as Wordsworth did; it was to him a thing uncanny, uncouth, horrible; and it was in uncanny, uncouth, horrible images that he expressed himself. The sound made Wordsworth

"Hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

To Poe it suggested ghouls, the dank graves of dead loves, devilish birds shrieking in the storm. The content of his verse is not noble, healthy; there is no touch of the free winds of heaven or of the heavenly sunlight; the technical accomplishment is only that of a minor poet. Still, he added lines, even stanzas, to the world's real poetry; and his memory deserves a better fate than it has so far suffered.

#### NOVELS.

"Lord Linlithgow: a Novel." By Morley Roberts. London: Arnold. 1900. 6s.

There are novelists who persist in writing of the great ones of this world in a manner that suggests the kind of knowledge likely to be acquired by one who has presumed upon the kindness of a friend in the servants' hall and established himself with a note-book on the backstairs during a reception. We believe that a certain success attends such efforts. The spread of what is called education has filled England with people who would like to know how peers and privy councillors talk, but who have a vague misgiving that the peers whom they see upon the stage in what are called dramas, or meet in the pages of second-rate novelists who possess imagination, lack vitality. But announce to these people that you are writing a novel in which living personages are parodied, and they will buy your

book "like hot cakes," to use Mr. Kipling's graceful imagery. Of course Mr. Roberts, to judge by this book, is as competent to write of "Lord Linlithgow" and "Eustace Loder" as Mr. Pinero is to write a play in which the Empress-Dowager of China should figure as a heroine. The novel is a piece of gross impertinence. If Mr. Roberts had lived in Achilles' time, he would probably have tried to cut a slit in that warrior's tent, and would have been treated as was Thersites. As it is, we are thankful that he has turned his attention to a politician whom he is not likely to hurt, and has let our generals alone. Imagine him discoursing upon his namesake! The great attraction of "Lord Linlithgow" to the readers who like this kind of thing will be the tacit assumption that almost every man, if you try him hard, is a cad.

"Wounds in the Rain." By Stephen Crane. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

Here we have the last collected writings of the author of "The Red Badge of Courage." To a certain extent the fate of Mr. Stephen Crane was similar to that of Mr. G. W. Stevens. And in the work of each there is an affinity of interest. Mr. Crane served as a newspaper correspondent during the Spanish-American War of 1898. War correspondents, their exploits and their special hardships, figure prominently in these pages, which, it is conceivable, may be useful to the future historian of the Cuban campaign. Certainly the book will convey something more than amusement to the thoughtful reader. Mr. Crane's insight into the hidden springs of thought and action differentiates his writing from that of the mere chronicler of effects. His is the better realism and in "Wounds in the Rain" his special gifts are seen to advantage.

"Marshfield the Observer." By Egerton Castle. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

"Not devoid of picturesque interest" is Mr. Castle's comment on one of his incidents. The phrase fits the whole book. Picturesque is precisely the term to apply to the duel scene in the courtyard of the old château of Sologne and to the abduction of the lowland beauty by the rieving hielan' chieftain. But we regard Mr. Castle's medium, Meldrum Marshfield, as a sort of Dr. Fell. He is superfluous and indeed objectionable, as all men of "slipshod handshakes" must be. And Mr. Castle's better vein is the romantic one. Marshfield suggests "the old man" in fiction. We trust Mr. Castle is not going to become morbid. He is here on the verge of it.

"The Duke." By J. Storer Clouston. London: Arnold. 1900. 6s.

The capacity for rollicking humour which marked "The Lunatic at Large" is strained to breaking point in "The Duke." An unknown wanderer in the colonies, who suddenly succeeds to a dukedom through the death of a fourth cousin, allows an outrageously noisy Irishman who has been his boon companion to personate him for a month. The situation tempts and some of the scenes amuse; the deception is too facile and the Duke's relatives are painfully underbred. The author's art demands a less massive theme.

"The Journal of a Jealous Woman." By Percy White. London: Nisbet. 1900. 6s.

This is a subject which calls for the finest delineation of characters and emotions. Mr. White has presented us with a very harmless and a very superficial study. The jealous wife's narrow understanding and interests, the husband's half-hearted peccadilloes, jog on from page to page, without one real touch of the misery that is daily sown broadcast by contemptible and often tragic doubts of loyalty.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Autumn in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun." By Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy. London: Longmans. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

These essays cover a great many subjects—roe, deer, seals, grouse, and random biology—though they do not cover much ground. They are extraordinarily successful in bringing home the colour and atmosphere of Argyleshire. On some themes the author writes as an expert, on some as a novice; but in all he has something of the expert's observation and much of the novice's enthusiasm. Perhaps no one writes quite well

about sport unless he is an appreciative observer of nature and a potential, if not practised, naturalist. The one essay in the book which is anything more than a pleasantly written account of a day's experience is purely biological. It is the tale of a day's dredging for queer marine animals in a West Scotland sea—"a sea as clear as a Hampshire trout-stream" where "you may see the long lazy tangle waving its broad streamers over the dark rocks, the fishes dashing about among the undergrowth, the comical crabs parading, fighting and gourmandising at the bottom." Of the wonders that were fished up by the net the author writes with a charm and thoroughness of detail which should delight all naturalists. The "get-up" of the book is luxurious and the eight illustrations are all excellently reproduced.

"Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects." Vol. XLII. Edited by George Holmes. London: Sotheran. 1900.

This volume contains the proceedings of the Institution for 1899 with the address of its President the Earl of Hopetoun and the various papers read before the Society. The former contained an allusion to the difficulty of the Government in procuring armour for warships now building, and suggested means whereby the supply could be augmented. There seems no conclusive reason why the State should not manufacture armourplates instead of relying exclusively on private industry, which is always liable to interruption by labour troubles. The most interesting paper to the lay reader is the one on the Imperial Japanese Navy by Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald, derived from personal observation.

"Landscape Painting in Water-colour." By John MacWhirter. With 23 examples in colour by the author and an introduction by Edwin Bale. London: Cassell. 1900. 5s.

This is a book for the innocent to avoid. It is unnecessary to speculate how much of the colour, which is gaudy and false throughout, belongs to the original sketches, how much to the process by which they are reproduced. Mr. MacWhirter gravely informs the reader what pigments he mixed in each case to arrive at the disagreeable result.

"The Oxfordshire Light Infantry Chronicle." Edited by Major Mockler-Ferryman. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1900.

Major Mockler-Ferryman's "Chronicle" is exceptionally well done. All that is of interest concerning the regiment during the year is duly set forth, and under the head of "Miscellaneous" are some interesting biographies. The book contains, too, some excellent illustrations.

"We have much pleasure in calling attention to the fact that it is proposed to issue about the middle of January 1901 a special New Century Number of the 'Student,' the magazine of Edinburgh University. In this number there will be contributions from more than thirty writers who represent the cream of the popular writers of verse and prose. The only name we miss is that of Mr. Barrie, one of the most distinguished of Edinburgh graduates. After the severe Edinburgh Rectorial Addresses it seems proper that the students should give the lighter forms of literature a turn, and if any university may be excused for relaxing from its academic gravity, surely the one that produced Robert Louis Stevenson may be allowed the excuse, if there be need. It should be at least acceptable to Edinburgh graduates all over the world—and to others."

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Fiancé d'Avril.* By Guy Chantepleure. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3s. 50c.

To describe a French novel as fit for everybody's reading is rarely a compliment to the literary ability of the author. Such a criticism usually frightens you off the book. Scenting a conventional, hackneyed theme, colourless characters, a mediocre marriage for a climax (such are the faults that mar most "proper" French novels), you avoid the work—just as in England, if your taste be at all cultured, you avoid the "works" of Annie Swan, Rosa N. Carey, and that prince of "pot-boilers," Mr. Burgin. Only Henry Greville has been able to bear the recommendation; but she alas! has been regrettably idle of late. And so, while proclaiming that "*Fiancée d'Avril*" may be safely read aloud in the strictest circles, we deem it necessary to add without delay (for the benefit of less sensitive readers) that M. Chantepleure's novel is both clever and charming. The plot, however, is slight, and—at first sight—somewhat improbable. Michel Trémor, a young and rich recluse, refuses to marry; and this lack of gallantry exasperates his vivacious sister, Colette, who shares the fortunes of Robert Fauval. Colette schemes; but always unavailingly. At last she enthusiastically suggests Suzanne Severn, an American cousin; but Michel only laughs. Suzanne and Michel meet, however, in the country without discovering their relationship; and, later on, a mischievous schoolboy writes to Suzanne in Michel's name, and, in the letter, asks her to be his (Michel's)

*Continued on page 834.*

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wife. And so it is only natural that Michel should be amazed, overwhelmed, when he receives a favourable reply. He marvels; and he frets. At once chivalrous, he is dismayed, does not dare tell Suzanne that she has been the victim of a practical joke. And so he becomes engaged "malgré lui;" and, eventually, discovers that his fiancée is the American cousin herself, Suzanne Severn. Up to now the story is only amusing; but when M. Chantepleure follows his characters to a country château, it becomes powerful. With admirable skill he sketches the vivacious, independent Suzanne, the conventional, troubled Michel: discloses their separate and antagonistic merits, their different principles and pleasures, their opposite interests in life. It is a comedy of errors, a farcical tragedy—so that Suzanne and Michel quarrel, and sulk, and "make up" again only, however, to recommence next day; and grow attached to one another at last, and are about to become model fiancés when Suzanne suddenly learns the secret of the letter. Appalled, she runs away; and Michel, who loses his fortune in a swindle at the same moment, believes that she has deserted him, thinks her mercenary. A mutual friend, however, brings them together again; and so all ends happily. Suzanne, in spite of her occasional Americanisms, is a charming character; and we have to thank her for awakening Michel, for rendering him more amiable, sociable. Colette, the Béthunes, Daran (the mutual friend), and all the people who figure in the book are faithful to life. "Fiancée d'Avril," in fact, deserves every praise, every success.

*Le Rouet des Brumes.* By Georges Rodenbach. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50c.

We can imagine nothing more melancholy than this collection of posthumous sketches and reflections. At no time was M. Georges Rodenbach gay; but it is only fair to state that his "éternelle tristesse" was not a vain pose, an egoistic affectation, like Pierre Loti's—his way was sombre by reason of the illness that killed him at a far too early age. Throughout this volume (adorned with a wistful, impressionist cover) we encounter pessimistic, despairing reflections; evidence of invariable sadness. We have a paper on "L'Amour et la Mort," in which death triumphs; another on the nocturnal promenades of lovers—one couple after the other, all seeking solitude—and . . . "il me semble apercevoir l'Amour et la Mort enlacés qui se hâtent au fond du crépuscule, tandis que les clairs nostalgiques recommencent comme embouchés par la grande lune rouge qui se lève." In "Déménagement," we read of a poet (probably M. Rodenbach himself) who is vacating his beloved flat . . . it is like going forth into darkness, towards death. And again and again, in "Un Soir," "La Ville," "L'Amour des Yeux," "L'Idole," the theme is infinitely melancholy. The style throughout, however, is beautiful; and in "Presque un Conte de Fées" we have M. Rodenbach at his best—as a veritable author, as tender and musical as he was in the poems that first gained him his brilliant reputation. Later on the same publishers will issue a last posthumous work by the same author: "Le Mirage," a title which does not alas! announce a much happier volume.

*Philosophie Parisienne.* By Henri Fouquier. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle. 1900. 3f. 50c.

By far the most pleasant feature of Parisian journalism is the half-critical essay devoted by some capable writer to a passing event. The tone of these papers is always impartial; the style invariably cultured, the theme sympathetic. Collected in one volume, these articles contribute (to quote Anatole France's favourite expression), "L'Histoire Contemporaine"—a faithful record, gay or sad, of essentially Parisian life. Years ago Zola contributed chronicles of this kind to the "Figaro"; others, almost as competent, have succeeded him under the pseudonym of "Le Passant." In the "Temps," Francisque Sarcey often discussed topical as well as theatrical events; and, since his death, M. Henri Fouquier, the distinguished dramatic critic, has published the admirable papers which now appear in book form under the title of "Philosophie Parisienne." Among them are several "open" letters to famous personages: tributes of esteem, satirical yet courteous condemnations, congratulations on the success of a play, picture, or book. Nothing could be more tactful than M. Fouquier's letter to Madame Alfred Dreyfus at Rennes; nor more cultured and gracious than his "reflection" on the death of Ruskin, nor more satisfactory in every way than his messages to Commandant Marchand, M. Déroulède, and—à propos of the opening of the Exhibition—to M. Loubet. Throughout the volume, in fact, we are impressed by M. Fouquier's sense of dignity and justice, his logic; and entertained, moreover, by his eloquence and humour.

*Portraits de Jeunes Filles.* By André Lichtenberger. Paris: Plon. 1900. 3f. 50c.

A collection of letters, dialogues, short stories—all of which have as heroine a "jeune fille." And yet we are not exasperated by sentimental reflections; at no time bored by what might have been a depressing correspondence. Like Madame Gabrielle Réval, in "Les Sévriennes," the author at once wins our sympathy and affection for such charming young ladies as Marie-Rose le Fortan and Marguerite Poligny; and we may sincerely assure him that we fully appreciate their brightness

and wit. Here, in fact, is a book that should dissipate the idea that the "jeune fille" is a tiresome young person, whose mind is for ever occupied with dress and whose pastimes consist of playing scales and emotionally filling up a handsomely bound diary.

*Le Roman d'un Petit Vieux.* By Madame Lescot. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

We are glad to see that the success of this admirable novel has led its publishers to issue a new edition.

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ALBERT LESSER, 47 Leadenhall Street, E.C. (Director of the Mid-Moonta Copper Mines, Limited).  
The Vendor reserves the right to nominate a Director to join after allotment.

## BANKERS.

LONDON: THE BANK OF ADELAIDE, 11 Leadenhall Street. ADELAIDE: THE BANK OF ADELAIDE.

## SOLICITOR.

HENRY G. DANGER, Esq., 47 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

## AUDITORS.

CARNABY, HARROWER, BARHAM, & Co., Chartered Accountants, College Hill Chambers, London, E.C.

## SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

JOHN A. RUSSELL, 30 Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

## ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire, work and further develop three Mineral Leases, known locally as the Kadina, Wandilta, and Wandilta South, situate in the Hundred of Kadina, near Port Wallaroo, on the Yorke Peninsula, South Australia. Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Office of the Company, and the Company's Solicitor, Auditors, and Bankers. Full Prospectus will appear in Daily Papers on Monday, December 31, 1900.

The Subscription List is now Open, and will close on Monday for Town and Country.

# THE "REYROL" MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.

THE MOST EASILY HANDLED AND ADVANCED TYPE OF MOTOR CAR.

SHARE CAPITAL, £120,000.

Divided into:

60,000 Seven per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, preferential as to capital and dividend .. .. .	£60,000
60,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each .. .. .	60,000
	£120,000

## ISSUE of

30,000 CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £1 each at par,

and

30,000 ORDINARY SHARES of £1 each at par,

Payable as follows:

	Preference Shares.	Ordinary Shares.
On application .. .. .	2s. 6d.	1s. 0d.
On allotment .. .. .	7s. 6d.	4s. 0d.
21 days after allotment .. .. .	10s. 0d.	1s. 0d.
	£1 0s. 0d.	£1 0s. 0d.

## DIRECTORS.

ALFRED W. MASON (Chairman the Silent Typewriters Syndicate, Limited).  
H. J. CARLYLE SOMMERVILLE (General Manager).  
NEVILLE COPLAND (Director the British and Foreign Monopolies, Limited).  
GUSTAV JELLENEK (Directeur Société des Automobiles Hermes Système Reyrol, Paris).

JOHN HARVEY (Partner in the Manchester Motor Car Corporation).

Bankers.—Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company (Limited), Spring Gardens, Manchester; Cornhill, London, E.C.; and Branches.

Solicitors for the Company.—Messrs. Sims and Tyms, solicitors, London and Manchester.

Solicitors for the Vendors.—F. T. Rushton, 14 New Inn, Strand, London, W.C.; Monsieur F. A. Mori, 6 Rue Monsigny, Paris.

Brokers.—Smith and Pitts, 13 and 14 Cornhill, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

Auditors.—Messrs. Gray and Firmin, Chartered Accountants, 31 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

Works Managers.—C. Grahame-White, Vaughan Motor Works, Bradford; Mons. Reyrol, Rue Voltaire, Paris.

Manufacturers.—Rue Voltaire, Levallois-Perret, Paris; The Yorkshire Motor Vehicle Co., Vaughan Works, Bradford, Yorks; North of England Motor Works, Leeds; The Manchester Motor Car Corporation Works, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Coach-building Works.—Rue Benol Malon, Surames, Paris.

Secretary (pro tem.).—S. Lee Bapty, F.R.G.S.

Offices.—39 Victoria Street, London, S.W.; 54 Faubourg Montmartre, Paris; 77 King Street, Manchester; 23 Bank Street, Bradford.

Prospectuses can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and Auditors.

No.....

## THE "REYROL" MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital £120,000, divided into 60,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 60,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

## FORM OF APPLICATION FOR ORDINARY SHARES.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE "REYROL" MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 1s. per Share on..... Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, and Memorandum and Articles of Association, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number of Shares that you may allot to me, and to pay the sum of 4s. per Share due on allotment, and the balance of 15s. per Share as provided by the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares allotted to me. And I agree with the Company, as trustee for the Directors and other persons liable, to waive any claims I may have against them for not more fully complying in the said Prospectus with the requirements of Section 38 of The Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

These Particulars must be Written Legibly. Signature..... Name (in full)..... Address (in full)..... Profession or Occupation..... Date.....1900

No.....

## THE "REYROL" MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital £120,000, divided into 60,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 60,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

## FORM OF APPLICATION FOR 7 PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE "REYROL" MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share on..... 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each in the above-named Company, I request you to allot me that number of Shares, upon the terms of the Company's Prospectus, and Memorandum and Articles of Association, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number of Shares that you may allot to me, and to pay the sum of 7s. 6d. per Share due on allotment, and the balance of 10s. per Share as provided by the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares allotted to me. And I agree with the Company, as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable, to waive any claims I may have against them for not more fully complying in the said Prospectus with the requirements of Section 38 of The Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

These Particulars must be Written Legibly. Signature..... Name (in full)..... Address (in full)..... Profession or Occupation..... Date.....1900



# THE GOLD FIELDS OF EASTERN AKIM, LTD.

## REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

To be presented to the Shareholders at the Second Ordinary General Meeting of the Company, to be held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1900, at 12 noon.

DEAR SIR, OR MADAM,

The Directors have much pleasure in submitting for your information the first statement of Receipts and Expenditure to the 30th September, 1900, together with a brief account of the work accomplished by your Company from the date of its incorporation to the present time.

The Gold Fields of Eastern Akim, Limited, was incorporated upon the 8th day of December, 1898, and acquired from the Castle Gold Exploration Syndicate, Limited, 15 options for the acquisition of leases in the province of Eastern Akim in the Gold Coast Colony.

These options were held by the Castle Gold Exploration Syndicate, Limited, under an Agreement with Sir F. M. Hodgson, dated the 12th of April, 1898, which required the consent in writing of His Excellency the Governor to the transfer of any properties held under such Agreement. This consent in writing to the assignment of these options was duly received in January, 1899.

The options were upon the following Concessions:—

Kyeibi	Nsutam	Apedwa	Osino
Afwnoasae	Sadrumase	Panno	Dokyi
Adadeentam	Agyapoma	Appapam	Kwabon
Saman	Affesa	Tete	Asiakwa

As these options expired in the early part of 1899, an expedition was despatched in January of that year to roughly prospect the territories, and in order to admit of such work being carefully done the Option Agreements were renewed for another year with the chiefs of the respective Concessions, and with the sanction of the King of Eastern Akim.

The result of this first preliminary inspection by the Chief Engineer to your Company led to the exercise of Twelve of the Option Agreements, and 99 year leases were secured upon the following lands:—Kyeibi, Afwnoasae, Adadeentam, Saman, Nsutam, Sadrumase, Agyapoma, Apedwa, Panno, Osino, Kwaben, and Asiakwa. Time did not admit for the prospecting of the remaining four, and the Option Agreements upon these have been duly renewed down to May, 1901.

The Leases granted were obtained according to native custom, duly stamped and registered in the Colony, and countersigned by the King of Eastern Akim, who receives an additional rental as the paramount power in that part of the country. The Leases were then submitted to the Colonial Government, and the basis of an agreement was arrived at between your Managing Director, Mr. Geo. Macdonald, who was then in the Colony, and His Excellency the Governor, whereby permission was granted to the Gold Fields of Eastern Akim, Limited, to occupy the said lands for Mining and other purposes, upon the payment of an annual sum of £300 per annum to the Colonial Government, on the understanding that each Concession (provided that its area did not exceed that to be allowed by the then contemplated Concessions Bill) should be formed into a separate Company, each Company paying an annual rental to the Colonial Government of £300 per annum from the date of its incorporation.

This Agreement was sent to England by the Governor for the sanction of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who, in a letter to your Company dated 23rd of February, 1900, informed your Directors of its receipt, and stated that it was receiving his attention. After considerable correspondence and interviews at the Colonial Office, the basis of a new Agreement was arrived at upon the following terms, viz.: The lands covered by your Concessions to be divided into eleven holdings, to be transferred to eleven subsidiary companies subject to a rental of £300 a year each, and the subsidiary companies to take them subject to the forthcoming legislation on the subject of Concessions.

This your Directors agreed to, and it is expected that the Agreement in question will be signed upon those terms.

It having been decided that the Kwaben Concession did not come under this Agreement, it has been omitted, and this Concession has been dealt with by your Directors in another way.

### WORK DONE.

The first expedition to your properties left England in January, 1899, and returned upon the 29th of June of the same year.

The second expedition left in September, 1899, and since that date work has been continuous and without cessation upon your properties, even through the whole of the recent Ashanti rising. The results of these expeditions have been already communicated to you in the Reports of September, 1899, and September, 1900, and work is being pushed vigorously on, under the direction of sixteen Europeans, now in the Colony, with five more on their way to join them, all under the direct control of our Engineer-in-Chief, Mr. J. H. Powell.

Of the twelve areas belonging to your Company, four were selected for immediate development, viz., Kyeibi, Panno, Asiakwa, and Kwaben, and these have been dealt with by your Directors in the following manner:—

(1) The Kyeibi and Panno Leases were transferred to The Birrim Valley Gold Mining and Dredging Company, Limited, in March, 1900, for which your Company received £2,459 in cash and £57,541 in fully paid shares, and a royalty of 5 per cent. upon the net profits. It is estimated that this Company will make a profit of £33,000 per annum.

The first dredger for this Company leaves New York on January 2nd, 1901.

NOTE.—Arrangements are now being made for the transfer of the Kyeibi Lease by the Birrim Valley Company to a subsidiary Company in accordance with the previous mentioned understanding with the Government.

(2) The Kwaben Lease was transferred to The Kwaben Mines, Limited, in October, 1900, for which your Company received £60,000 in fully paid shares and a royalty of 5 per cent. upon the net profits of that Company. £6,000 is now being spent by The Kwaben Mines, Limited, to prove the reefs in depth, and arrangements have been made for the erection of a ten-stamp mill and battery.

(3) The Asiakwa Lease was transferred to The Asiakwa Hydraulic and Mining Corporation, Limited, in December, 1900, for which your Company is receiving £2,000 cash and £43,000 in fully paid shares, and a royalty of 5 per cent. upon the net profits of that company, which are estimated at £40,000 per annum.

In addition to the above flotations your Company was interested jointly with your Managing Director, Mr. Geo. Macdonald, in five options for leases in the most northern and western parts of Eastern Akim. These options have been recently transferred to The Abompeh Syndicate, Limited, and your Company is receiving from that Syndicate £2,000 in cash and 2,000 fully paid shares of £1 each for their interests.

Finally negotiations are in progress for the transfer of the four Option Agreements mentioned in paragraph six of this Report to The Tete Concessions, Limited, for which your Company is to receive £7,500 in fully paid shares or cash and shares for their interests.

NOTE.—A lease of a tract of land in the Ashanti country was obtained by the Managing Director, Mr. Geo. Macdonald, dated 8th June, 1899, for your Company; but this lease was subsequently disallowed by the Colonial Office, and the Company has now no interest in it.

Your Directors feel assured that in the shares of the Companies above enumerated The Gold Fields of Eastern Akim, Limited, have very valuable assets, and it is the intention of the Directors to dispose of the remaining Concessions to subsidiary companies so soon as those areas have been sufficiently exploited to warrant their being placed upon separate financial bases of their own.

### STORES.

On account of the number of Europeans now employed by your Company, and also on account of the large amount of native labour engaged, your Directors felt justified in establishing a Central Store near the Company's headquarters at Kyeibi, for the supply of all classes of goods. Trading was commenced in May, 1900, and down to September 30th a total of £489 10s. 6d. had been received for the goods sold, while on that date there was stock in hand to the value of £469 18s. 2d. It is

intended to test the Store by a year's trade, which, if continued as already begun, should result in a most valuable asset to the Company, and would lead to the establishment of at least one such Store in each of the Concessions.

NOTE.—The Gold Fields of Eastern Akim, Limited, have reserved to themselves the right to trade in each of the Concessions.

### ROADS.

In January, 1900, your Directors entered in an Agreement with the Colonial Government for the construction of a 16-foot main public road from the village of Sansani to Apedwa, a distance of about 2½ miles. When this road is complete there will be a good open route for transport purposes from Accra to Apedwa, a distance of 5½ miles, and right into your Company's properties. Your Directors feel that this was a most necessary undertaking, and anticipate its completion by the end of March next.

To facilitate transport upon this road your Directors have provided a compound spring-mounted special road locomotive, fitted with jib crane, one six-ton traction wagon, two four-ton traction wagons, and one ten-ton timber trolley for transport purposes. This complete Traction Train has been safely landed at Accra.

Should it become necessary, permission will be asked of the Colonial Government to grant a way-leave to lay a line of rails upon the road constructed.

### TIMBER.

The whole of the Akim forests are covered with a thick growth of timber, and it is the intention of your Directors to deal with this as opportunities may occur, more particularly with the hard woods, such as mahogany, &c.

A Steam Saw Mill Plant has been provided, and is now on the Coast.

Mr. J. J. Jonas retires by rotation, in accordance with the provisions of the Articles of Association, and, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

Messrs. Barrow & Carr, the Auditors, also offer themselves for re-election.

By order of the Board,

W. GUYER HUNTER  
H. J. MEYERSTEIN  
J. J. JONAS  
GEO. MACDONALD  
CHAS. S. GOOD, Secretary

57, Moorgate Street,  
London, E.C.,  
21st December, 1900.

## Statement of RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURE from the formation of the Company to 30th September, 1900.

DR.	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Share Capital—							
25,000 Preference Shares of £1 each, less 250							
Forfeited .. .. .		25,750	0	0			
65,190 Ordinary Shares of £1 each .. .. .		65,190	0	0			
		90,940	0	0			
Add paid on Forfeited Shares .. .. .		105	0	0			
					91,065	0	0
„ Premiums on 6,190 Reserve Shares sold .. .. .					3,316	1	0
„ Net Purchase Money of Lands Sold to the Birrim Valley Gold Mining and Dredging Company, Limited .. .. .					58,258	3	9
„ Transfer Fees .. .. .					72	5	0
					£152,709	9	9

CR.	EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Purchase of Property .. .. .		72,000	0	0			
„ Preliminary and Formation Expenses .. .. .		1,175	7	3			
„ Engineers' and Experts' Fees .. .. .		731	14	4			
„ Expenditure in West Africa, viz.:—							
Salaries .. .. .		£4,007	14	9			
Native Labour .. .. .		3,519	1	4			
Leases and Rental .. .. .		1,275	7	3			
Transport of Employés and Goods .. .. .		1,099	10	1			
Subsistence of Employés .. .. .		832	10	5			
Stores and Equipment .. .. .		1,313	3	3			
Office Expenses .. .. .		669	16	3			
Petty Expenses .. .. .		138	6	9			
Law Costs .. .. .		179	12	5			
Cablegrams .. .. .		39	7	6			
Suspense Account (Items awaiting explanation from West Africa) .. .. .		290	1	9			
					13,864	11	9

„ EXPENDITURE IN ENGLAND, viz.:—							
Managing Director's Remuneration .. .. .		948	8	1			
Directors' Fees .. .. .		895	0	0			
Office and General Expenses .. .. .		471	7	4			
Printing and Stationery .. .. .		113	7	4			
Charges on Remittances to Coast .. .. .		123	7	2			
Cablegrams and Petty Expenses .. .. .		135	0	0			
Advertising .. .. .		172	17	0			
Assays .. .. .		38	12	6			
Travelling Expenses .. .. .		55	19	0			
Interest .. .. .		33	11	7			
Law Costs .. .. .		129	11	2			
					3,117	1	1
Machinery and Plant .. .. .		1,530	17	0			
Goods at Kibbi Store, after deducting sales .. .. .		469	18	2			
					9,000	15	2
„ 57,541 Shares of £1 each Fully Paid in Birrim Valley Gold Mining and Dredging Co., Limited, at par .. .. .					57,541	0	0
„ Balance, viz.:—							
Cash in West Africa .. .. .		147	5	2			
„ „ London .. .. .		2,111	9	3			
					2,258	7	5
					£152,709	9	9

We have examined the above Statement of Receipts and Expenditure with the Books and Vouchers, and also with the Cash Accounts received from the Coast, and certify it to be in accordance therewith.

St. Olave's House, E.C.,  
Ironmonger Lane, E.C.,  
18th December, 1900.

BARROW & CARR,  
Chartered Accountants.

# MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

## Sketches of the Irish: Just as They Are.

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Their tongues are as one in the praising of

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